

WARREN  
MAGAZINE

NOW! FULL COLOR COMICS!

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VAMPI  
#28

OCT. 1973

# VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRELLA  
BECOMES A  
HUMAN  
SACRIFICE  
TO QUELL  
THE TWO-HUNDRED  
YEAR-OLD  
"CURSE OF  
THE MACDAEMONS!"  
Page 7





# WEREWOLF!

## THE EXCITING GAME OF DETECTIVE SKILL!

Hours of monstrous fun are yours when you play WEREWOLF. Vampirella's engrossing detective game. It's great fun for the entire family. And it's complete in this special summer issue of YAM-PIPEL! See the inside back cover for assembly instructions.

**HOW TO PLAY**  
WEREWOLF is a game of detective skill for two to six players. In it, there is a werewolf loose in one of the five houses on the game board. And the werewolf has committed a murder! Each player is attempting to discover three things: (1) WHO is the WEREWOLF? (2) WHO did the WEREWOLF murder? and (3), in which HOUSE was the murder committed? The first player to solve the crime and answer all three questions, wins the game!

### SPINNER ARROW

#### PAWNS



RED PEEPERS

SCARLET O'HARE



PINKIE CLAW

CHERRY PITTS



THE SCARLET CRIMSON

RUBY LISP

#### PLAYER CARDS

RED PEEPERS  
WEREWOLF

CHERRY PITTS  
WEREWOLF

RUBY LISP  
WEREWOLF

PINKIE CLAW  
WEREWOLF

SCARLET O'HARE  
WEREWOLF

CRIMSON PIMP  
WEREWOLF

OGRE'S CASTLE

SLAUGHTER HOUSE

HOUSE OF HUSHER

HOUSE OF THE BASKERVILLES

HOUSE OF COMMONERS

RED PEEPERS  
THE VICTIM

CHERRY PITTS  
THE VICTIM

RUBY LISP  
THE VICTIM

PINKIE CLAW  
THE VICTIM

SCARLET O'HARE  
THE VICTIM

CRIMSON PIMP  
THE VICTIM

### HOUSE OF COMMONERS



#### HOW TO START

Once you have followed the instructions on the inside cover and your game is completely assembled, each player chooses one pawn the pawn he will be throughout the game. A player may choose to be PINKIE CLAW, SCARLET O'HARE, RUBY LISP, RED PEEPERS, CHERRY PITTS, or THE CRIMSON PIMP.

The CARDS are then distributed and placed face down in three separate piles. The cards naming the WEREWOLF in one pile, the cards naming the VICTIM in another, and the cards with the names of the HOUSES in the third pile. One card should be chosen from each pile and placed on the board, upside down. These three cards hold the name of the VICTIM, the name of the WEREWOLF, and the HOUSE where the werewolf murdered his victim.

#### TO BEGIN

Place all player's pawns in the Ogre's Castle. The player who spins the highest number moves first. The player on his left spins to move next, and so on. Each player will move his pawn the number of spaces he spins on the spinner.

Players may move in ANY DIRECTION they wish, and proceed to the house they believe the WEREWOLF has committed his foul deed. Once they are in the house, they may make an ACCUSATION.

To make an ACCUSATION, the player simply states: "I believe the werewolf is ... (name one player), the victim is ... (name another), and the murder was committed in this house!" The player must name ALL THREE correctly to win the game. However, if any player holds a card that can disprove another's accusation, he must show that card to the player making the accusation. Only ONE card is needed to be shown to disprove any accusation at any one time.

Players lose nothing by making accusations that are proven false. It is ONLY by making accusations that you will be able to eventually deduce the three elements of the crime. When no other player can produce a card to DISPROVE your accusations, chances are pretty good that you have won, and may now look at the three cards on the board holding the answer to the crime. But be careful! If you prove too hasty and look at the cards before giving the other players a chance to disprove your claim, and find that you are WRONG, you are disqualified for the rest of the game.

#### GENERAL RULES

Players may make only one accusation per visit when landing in one of the five houses. Should they wish to make another accusation in that same house later, they must first LEAVE the house and return again when they are able. When STARTING the game, from the Ogre's Castle, no player may make an accusation until he has reached ANOTHER HOUSE. He must RETURN to the Ogre's Castle if he wishes to make an accusation there.

#### STRATEGY HINTS

If your opponents are good detectives, they will be watching you and the other players carefully! When disproving a player's accusation by showing him a card, make sure that you do NOT allow other players to see that card. They will be that much closer to discovering the three elements of the crime.

### HOUSE OF THE BASKERVILLES



#### SPINNER



#### HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR GAME

1. TO ASSEMBLE your game, carefully remove the cover from the spine of this magazine. Take care not to rip the cover in half when you're taking it off. For best results, remove the staples first, then lift off the game intact.
2. Clip off the player tokens and the player cards from the left hand side of the game.
3. Tokens and CARDS should then be pasted to a thin sheet of cardboard. (An old cereal box will do nicely.)
4. Cut out each CARD along the solid black lines.
5. Cut out the player tokens, and the base of each token. So that the tokens will stand on their own, cut a thin slit along the dotted line in the token and the token's base. Fill slits together, and tokens will stand by themselves.
6. Next paste the game board to a sturdy piece of cardboard. (This time use the side of a cardboard box.) This will iron out the fold you'll have in your game, and make the playing surface smoother for tokens to stand on. It'll also prolong the life of your game.
7. Finally, cut out the arrow for the spinner. Stick a straight pin through the center of the arrow, making sure that the hole is large enough so the arrow will swivel freely around the pin. A push pin or a thumbtack will work just as well if you don't have a straight pin handy. Now you're ready for hours of terrific summer fun. Enjoy!

### SLAUGHTER HOUSE



### OGRE'S CASTLE

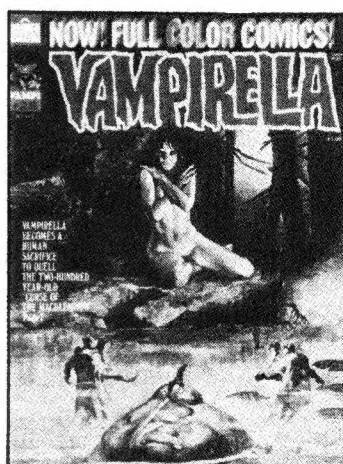


### HOUSE OF HUSHER



GAME CREATED BY BILL DUBAY





**OUR COVER:**  
From out of the slime it comes! The monster who has tread the waters of Loch Eerie for two hundred years. It hungers for fresh human flesh. It hungers for VAMPIRELLA. It is "The Curse of the MacDaemons. Page 7.

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# VAMPIRELLA

## VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

More letters from you fans and comments on Vampirella stories.

## CURSE OF MacDAEMONS

VAMPIRELLA becomes a human sacrifice to appease the *hunger* of the centuries old creature inhabiting the moors of Scotland.

## CLASH OF THE LEVIATHANS

Earth, the global-paradise. The germ-free Garden of Eden. World of peace and plenty. Or so it was, more than a *million years* ago!

## BLIND MAN'S GUIDE

He was just an old blind man, accompanied by a boy and his dog. But he had the villagers *eating* out of his hand. Until the dog decided to eat *his*.

## THE POWER AND THE GORY

A young girl is victimized by a small town's corruption, and unjustly labeled a *witch*! Super-color from the talented brush of *Auraleon*.

## EYE DON'T WANT TO DIE

An old man is *stabbed to death* in his bed. And his pretty, young assassin is *haunted*. Haunted by the old man's small *glass eye*!

## THE OTHER SIDE OF HEAVEN

The *creature* had been *waiting*. It had crawled out of the sea to bestow a gift on the fisherman known as Thomas. The gift of *paradise*!

## OLD TEXAS ROAD

A dark and lonely country road... a stalled car, out of gas... and two lovers! The perfect setting for *romance*. Or the perfect setup for *murder*!

## VAMPI'S VAULT

It's no secret! Some of our writers use *phoney names*! But this weirdo *Bruce Bezaire* refuses to change his name to something a little more *believable*!



# Full Color Comics draw Reader's raves!

A tip of the O'Conner hat to **Bill DuBay** and **Jose Gonzalez** for their excellent handling of a difficult theme in **VAMPIRELLA #25**. **Gonzalez'** art on "What Price Love" was at its usual high level, once again managing to build upon the story's mood perfectly.

The color section is a great addition to your already fine magazine. Unfortunately, your use of color leaves a lot to be desired. One need only glance through your excellent **DRACULA** book to see how much better the coloring could have been. **Esteban Maroto** seems to draw differently for color than he draws for black and white, apparently relying on the color for some of his effects. Don't let him down.

"The Dead Howl At Midnight" was an interesting course in what to do once you've built your own humans. But it ignores what will happen when the body parts begin to grow at differing rates. Interesting story possibility there. How about expanding upon it at some later date.

An enjoyable issue although I have some reservations about your coloring. Hope you show us what you can really do in upcoming issues.

In the past, I never felt I owed anyone enough gratitude to justify the investment of writing a fan letter. No longer. I've really flipped over **VAMPIRELLA**.

You certainly made a swift conquest of me. Only a few short months ago, I picked up my first issue (#23) of your excellent magazine. I was bored and wanted a cheap thrill that would kill some time. Now, two and a half months, \$39.00 worth of back issues, and one poster later, I can honestly say that I consider you one of the great heroines of modern fiction and your storyline one of the great gothic adventures of all time.

Some complain, Dear Vampi, that your story (and even your personality) is not dark enough. If you were no more than a sexy monster, you'd be no more than a momentary diversion, a two-dimensional gimmick of whom many of us would soon tire. Your charm, the magic that makes me take the trouble to write this letter in the first place, lies in the fact that you are not easily characterized and reduced to stereotype. Your greatness results from the mixture of your unpredictable conflicting impulses; because of your vulnerability, because at heart (like most of us) you really mean well, because when you cry, you cry real tears.

And that's why we read your magazine! Not because you're a spook who scares us, but because we can share your fears and fear for you as we travel with you through a representative gallery of life's evils. We see in you a heightened reflection of our own humanity, our own sense of apartness, our own moral plight. Ironically, though a vampiress, you represent all the beauty and nobility that mankind is all too seldom capable of rising to in real life. But that we instinctively applaud in whatever rare persons (like you) that we see it embodied.

A few suggestions: Eventually, why not have Vampi and friends embark upon a series of adventures into other times, or perhaps flee ungrateful Earth altogether in search of other, alien worlds. Keep the Van Helsings and Pendragon. A creditable, three-dimensional character cannot exist in a vacuum. Finally, if a movie should ever be made, play it straight! And don't cast someone like Rachel Welch as Vampi. Get someone who could be subordinate to the role.

**CLIFF WARREN**  
New Carrollton, Maryland

Will someone please tell **Bill DuBay** to do his homework before he attempts to write another story in the **VAMPIRELLA** saga.

In issue #25's story, "What Price Love," while Vampi flees from the cell after disposing of the guard, **DuBay** states that the guard is the first person Vampirella has ever killed. Not so, as anyone who has been following the series on a regular basis already knows. In issue #14's "Isle of the Huntress," Vampi very efficiently disposes of Vivienne, the tragic werewolf. In "Death's Dark Angel," (**VAMPIRELLA** #12), she does the same to W.W. Wade.

It can be argued that since Vivienne was a werewolf and Wade had deliberately goaded Vampi into attacking him, she wasn't really "responsible" for their deaths. I could concede this point, but let's take a closer look through the earlier issues. She avenges Tristan's murder in the 1972 **VAMPIRELLA** annual by going after the exploration party that killed him. All the way back in issue #8's "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos," **Archie Goodwin** had hinted that prior to the airline crash she had been involved in, everybody's favorite Drakulonion had for an unknown amount of time been forced to survive as a huntress.

Mistakes aside, though, **Bill DuBay** did an exceptional job on "What Price Love." Though a trifle short, it was still a fast, tightly plotted thriller. Also a very frightening story as it provides the reader with an unpleasant view of what **VAMPIRELLA** is really capable of doing if her bloodlust goes completely out of control. **Gonzalez'** work was up to the same high level of quality it has maintained for as long as he's handled the strip.

The rest of the issue was the usual fine blending of supernatural, heroic fantasy, and psycho-drama. I particularly liked the use of color on **Esteban Maroto's** art for "Nimrod." Why not color one of Vampi's adventures and see what reader response is like? I'd really be interested to see how **Gonzalez'** artwork looks in color.

**NORMAN E. DAVISON**  
Union, New Jersey

A color **VAMPIRELLA** feature graced our last issue, Norman. Hope you liked it!

Without doubt, **Warren** has blazed the way into a new dimension of comic art. **VAMPI** #25 is the best issue yet!!!

**PETER GUMBRILL**  
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

I would like to express my gratitude, as editor and publisher of "The Creative Adventure," for your active support of comics fandom as evidenced through your "Fanzine Reviews" column.

I think I can speak for all of comics fandom in thanking you for your public interest in our endeavors.

**DAVID KASAKOVE**  
Port Washington, N.Y.

Glad we could be of service, David.

**VAMPIRELLA** #24 was great! "Into the Inferno" was an exceptional fast-moving story. The whole plot was handled superbly. I was glad we got a look into Pendragon's past.

"Homo Superior" was another excellent story that managed to maintain suspense throughout.

**RONNIE BLAIR**  
Cumberland, Kentucky

**LIAM O'CONNER**  
Brooklyn, N.Y.



Vampi's fans were glad to learn more of Pendragon's past and greeted the stories in **VAMPIRELLA** #24 & 25 with high praise.



# "Revolutionary! Exciting!"

VAMPIRELLA #25 was really fantastic. "The Haunted Child" was an excellent story, made even better by excellent artistry. Auraleon's artwork is something else. How he constantly manages to achieve such a polished look is more than I can know. He truly ranks with such comic art masters as Neal Adams and Steve Ditko. I hope to see much, much more of his fine work in upcoming Warren magazines.

I agree with the many readers who are clamoring for a new Warren magazine featuring science fiction and other stories that might be out of place in VAMPIRELLA or your companion books, CREEPY and EERIE.

**RICHARD MAYHEW**  
Cumberland, Md.

I am speechless, unable to conceive of words expressive enough to describe VAMPIRELLA #25. The entire issue was simply superb.

"What Price Love" has to be the best story in the VAMPIRELLA saga since Issue #17's excellent "Beware the Dreamers."

**LARRY McCOY**  
Fontana, Calif.

I just have to write and tell you that there has never been a dull moment since I began reading VAMPIRELLA. The art in your magazine is indescribably beautiful. Esteban Maroto's artistry is out of this world and Jose Gonzalez makes you ever more beautiful with each passing issue.

I hope to see more of Dracula in your magazine. The issues he appeared in were some of the best you've ever published.

Keep up the great work.

**GILLIAN BAKER**  
Bramalea, Ontario

Dracula appears semi-regularly in his own series in EERIE! Hope you continue to enjoy his (and my own) adventures as much as you have in the past.

Congratulations on your great full color supplement. "Nimrod" was far and away the best story in the issue. The coloring was absolutely fantastic, miles beyond that of the usual, smaller size comic book. Please don't make the whole issue color, though. Warren is and always has been first and best in black & white comics.

Enrich's cover was magnificent; one of the greatest paintings you've ever run.

**JACK MONNINGER**  
Indianapolis, Indiana

My first taste of the Warren magazines was back with the early issues of CREEPY. I didn't particularly enjoy them so I passed up VAMPIRELLA #1 when it came out. I finally decided to give you a chance with issue #20 and discovered what a terrible mistake I'd been making. I was so impressed with your wonderful mag that I sent for all the back issues I could get my hands on. My only regret is that I was unable to obtain issue #3 or the 1972 yearbook before they were sold out.

I really enjoy your science fiction stories although I can sympathize with readers who don't want to see them in a horror magazine. Why not publish a magazine featuring science fiction, fantasy, and sword and sorcery. It would be a splendid companion to your other titles and would satisfy both groups of fans. It's about time Warren Publications added a new mag to its fine lineup.



**BRIAN McCRARY**  
Lake City, Iowa

Boy have we got some surprises for you, Brian.

I found "The Gremlin's" criticism of VAMPIRELLA (issue #22) very amusing. I have to agree with her evaluation of the artwork, stories, and characterization but must disagree with her accusations of chauvinism. My dear "Gremlin," being a healthy female with an interest in the opposite sex does not preclude having an appreciation for perfection of the female form. I can appreciate an attractive woman and I don't consider myself especially perverse. Why doesn't The Gremlin disapprove of heroes always rendered as handsome, incredibly muscular and vigorous young men? Isn't that just as "sexist" as idealizing women? I don't see any male readers complaining. I suspect it is not so much "chauvinism" The Gremlin objects to, as the artist's choice of depicting perfection in the human form. It may be unrealistic but I find it much more aesthetic.

VAMPIRELLA herself cannot be considered chauvinistic. She knows the extent of her powers and is not afraid to assert herself and use those powers when necessary, even against the advice of others. She trusts her own judgement and that is definitely not a characteristic of oppressed females. As far as I'm concerned, Vampi is perfect in every way.

**ARLENE LO**  
Plainview, N.Y.



"Warren has blazed the way to a new dimension of comic art," writes reader Jack Monninger of our new full-color comics.

"The Choice," along with nice artwork, did possess an adequate theme and managed to utilize the old familiar standbys, vampires and werewolves; in an intelligent manner, presenting the reader with an interesting question at the end. All the blood and gore had a purpose, so it was allowable.

The last story, "Changes," was both purposeless and unnecessary. Like the other stories, it was simply not up to par. Try a little harder.

**RITA LEE KOENIGSBERG**  
Salem, Connecticut

I was elated to discover that your magazine will be coming out more often this year. At long last you've emerged from the rut of bi-monthly publication and will be gracing the newsstands nine times a year. Congratulations!

Your magazine is really exceptional. My only suggestion is that Vampi be featured in longer stories and get the cover spotlight more often. After all, the only way you can make VAMPIRELLA better is to give us more of her.

**GREG W. MYERS**  
Elida, Ohio

## WHAT'S A POOR VAMPI TO DO?

"I get awfully lonely between adventures and your letters always turn me on."

Rush them to:  
**SCARLET LETTERS**





THE PERMUTATIONS OF CHANCE THAT MIGHT BRING TOGETHER THE ORBITS OF TWO RANDOM SOULS STAND SOMEWHERE IN THE UNCOUNTABLE MILLIONS...

ON THE ONE HAND WE HAVE ALASTAIR MACDAEMON, SIXTEENTH HEREDITARY LAIRD OF CLAN MACDAEMON (EDUCATED ETON AND MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, SCOTS GUARDS, FOREIGN OFFICE...ALMOST CERTAIN TO END UP AS ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S AMBASSADORS).

ON THE OTHER HAND WE HAVE A BREATH-ROBBINGLY BEAUTIFUL SHE-CREATURE WHO HAS TRAVELLED TO EARTH FROM THE FAR-OFF **VAMPIRE** PLANET OF **DRAKULON**, A CREATURE WHO CAN ONLY LIVE AS A **NORMAL WOMAN** BY DRINKING **BLOOD SUBSTITUTE** SERUM EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. A **SHE-VAMPIRE**, WITH THE POWER TO TURN HERSELF INTO A **BLOOD-IMBIBING BAT** AT WILL!

BUT THE GODS - GOOD OR EVIL .... WILL HAVE THEIR SPORT AND IN DEFIANCE OF CHANCE OR PROBABILITY, THE ORBITS OF THE **SCOTTISH ARISTOCRAT** AND THE **DRAKULON VAMPIRESS** MEET AND CLASH...IN A MUTUALLY-DESTRUCTIVE COLLISION.

# VAMPIRELLA AND THE CURSE OF THE MACDAEMONS!





THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH SO MUNDANE, SO COMMONPLACE, THAT THE TRAILING FINGERS OF NIGHT AND MIST CANNOT TRANSFORM INTO A PLACE OF **MYSTERY** AND **UNEASE**. HOW GREAT, THEN, IS THE EFFECT UPON A HABITATION SO **ANCIENT**, SO **BIZARRE**, SO STEEPED IN **RITUAL** AND **BLOOD** AS THE THOUSAND YEAR-OLD FORTRESS OF IRON AND GRANITE THAT STANDS PERCHED UPON A GRAGGY ISLET IN REMOTE LOCH EERIE.



**CASTLE GRAYVE...  
ISLE-FORTRESS  
OF THE LAIRDS  
OF MACDAEMON!!**

AT THE TOP OF A COMPLEX OF ECHOING CORRIDORS AND STAIRCASES IS AN IRON-BOUND **DOOR**, STUDDED WITH MASSY BOLTS AND LOCKED ABOUT WITH PADLOCKS AND CHAINS.

SO NOW, AT LAST, I'M TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SECRET. I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING **AMUSING**, FATHER. IT WOULD BE **SUCH** A BORE IF IT WEREN'T.

BE FLIPPANT BY ALL MEANS, MY DEAR ALASTAIR...YOU'LL **NEVER** HAVE THE CHANCE / GAIN AS LONG AS YOU **LIVE!**



THE BOOMING STROKES OF **MIDNIGHT** REVERBERATE THROUGH THE HOLLOW FASTNESSES OF THE CRUMBLING PILE, AND DUNCAN, HEREDITARY LAIRD OF CLAN MACDAEMON, RISES AND BECKONS HIS SON.



THE TIME HAS COME, MY DEAR ALASTAIR. I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE IN ORDER TO OFFER YOU **GREETINGS** UPON YOUR TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, BUT THE WORDS WOULD **CHOKE** IN MY THROAT. I CAN ONLY BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU HAVE COME OF AGE...SO THAT I AM RELIEVED OF THE **AWFUL BURDEN** I HAVE CARRIED SINCE I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

THE LAST CHAIN FALLS...THE LAST BOLT CREAKS BACK...AND THE HEAVY **DOOR** GROANS OPEN...

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING...  
**WAIT!**  
WHAT'S THAT MOVING OVER THERE?!

**OH, MY GOD!...**



**E-E-E-AAAGHHH**



MY POOR ALASTAIR...MY BELOVED LAD...NOW YOU HAVE SEEN THE **HORROR** I'VE LIVED WITH ALL THESE YEARS. YOU'LL COME TO KNOW IT TOO... THE **ROTTING** OF THE **SOUL**... THE VERY **LIFE-FORCE FILTHIED**...



I'M GLAD IT'S ALL YOURS NOW, MY BOY. AND I'M... **FREE**...

...AND AS THE REVOLVER TOUCHED HIS MOUTH, THE LAIRD OF MACDAEMON **SMILED** WITH PURE JOY!

**SMILE!**



PENDRAGON, ILLUSIONIST EXTRAORDINAIRE,  
IS BACK IN BUSINESS...

# THE GREAT PENDRAGON WITH VAMPIRELLA!!

AND  
EVERYTHING  
IS **GREAT**  
EXCEPT FOR  
**ONE**  
THING...

PHEEEEW!  
ZOWIE!  
LIKEWISE,  
ZAP!

WHAT  
IS IT?

IN THE WORDS OF THE  
IMMORTAL BARD, I AM A MAN WHO  
HAS TAKEN FORTUNE'S BUFFETS  
AND REWARDS WITH EQUAL THANKS.  
AND I NOW REJOICE TO BE IN  
THE LATTER STATE...

WHAT SHALL  
YOU DO WITH THE  
MONEY, PENDY?

WE WILL SPLURGE  
IT ALL ON A TRIP TO  
EUROPE, MY DEAR! TO  
BE PRECISE, THAT PART  
OF EUROPE... THE  
FAIREST AND DEAREST  
PART...

...BUSINESS IS LOUSY!

PENDY, ALL YOU HAVE  
TO DO IS STAY **SOBER**  
ENOUGH TO SAY  
**ABRACADABRA!**

I BOW TO  
YOUR GENTLE  
IMPEACHMENT,  
VAMPI MY DEAR.  
TALENT DOES WHAT IT  
CAN... WHILE GENIUS  
DOES WHAT IT MUST...

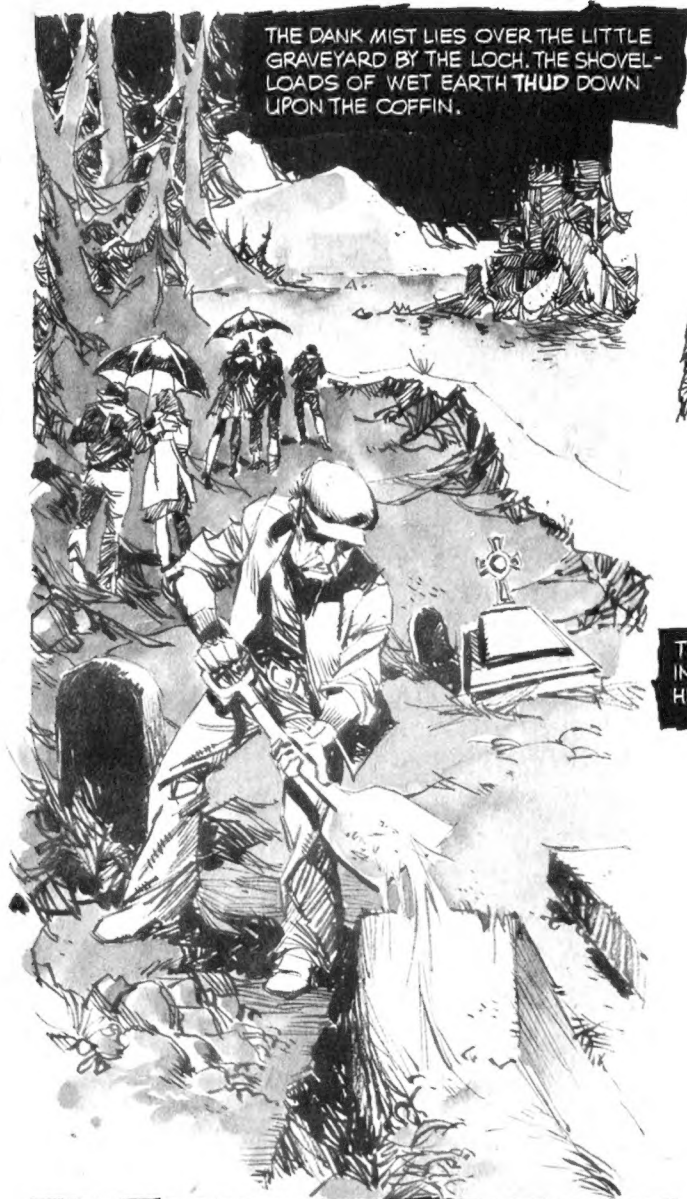
MORE BILLS?.. OUR  
CREDITORS FLY THICK  
AND FAST.

SLOW AND  
EASY... SO I CAN  
TAKE IT ALL IN.

IN BRIEF TERMS, MY DEAR,  
AN INDIGENT RELATION HAS  
DIED, AND IN HIS DYING HAS  
REVEALED THAT HE WAS NOT ALL  
THAT DAMN INDIGENT! HE HAS  
LEFT ME **THREE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!**

...I REFER, MY DEAR  
VAMPIRELLA, TO THAT FAIR LAND  
OF **ULTIMA THULE**, WHERE  
THE CHARMING INHABITANTS  
HAVE FOR LONG BLESSED THIS  
WORLD WITH THE **DISTILLED  
ESSENCE** OF CEREAL GRAINS...  
IN SHORT, MY DEAR, TO  
**BONNIE SCOTLAND!!**





THE DANK MIST LIES OVER THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD BY THE LOCH. THE SHOVEL-LOADS OF WET EARTH THUD DOWN UPON THE COFFIN.



AND WITH THE NIGHTFALL IT BRINGS... *HUMAN VULTURES!*

A FINE BIG FELLER WAS ANGUS MCKIE... WEIGHS A TON!

AYE! WE'RE LUCKY TO GET HIM, GOD REST HIS SOUL.

THE TWO GHOULS STAGGER AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS WITH THEIR HEAVY BURDEN.

TOMORROW WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SHIFT WI' A TOURIST.

AYE! AND THERE'LL BE QUESTIONS ASKED ... BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE *LOCH EERIE MONSTER* THAT GETS THE BLAME! HEH, HEH!



DAYLIGHT. THE HIGH SUN IN THE WINE-FRESH SKY BRINGS A DIFFERENT APPEARANCE TO THE GRIM LOCH. A TOURING BUS BRINGS VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON JOUNCING DOWN THE HIGHLAND ROAD...

...ON YOUR LEFT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS *LOCH EERIE*, FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER FOR ITS LEGENDARY *MONSTER*. THE LADY ASKS ME IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THE LEGEND...



ALL I CAN SAY, MADAME, IS, THAT IT'S A VERY *FISHY TALE*, AND I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GO SWIMMING IN THE LOCH, FOR FEAR THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE A *WHALE* OF A BAD TIME!! HAR, HAR!



THE TOUR IS REGISTERED AT THE VILLAGE HOTEL. VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON TAKE A STROLL IN THE GATHERING GLOOM: WHERE THE DYING SCENT OF HEATHER LIES ON THE NIGHT AIR LIKE *FUNERAL-FLOWERS*.

IT'S A WONDERFUL COUNTRY! EVERYTHING CHANGES AFTER DARK. IT REMINDS ME OF *DRAKULON*! I MIGHT ALMOST BE STROLLING BY ONE OF OUR LOVELY LAKES OF *BLOOD*!

FORTIFIED AS I AM BY THE LOCAL *SPIRIT* - OR SHOULD I SAY THE *VIN DU PAYS*? - I AM ABLE FULLY TO APPRECIATE YOUR SENTIMENTAL ASSOCIATIONS WITH YOUR HOME-PLANET, MY DEAR VAMPI!

SUDDENLY... *ASSAULT!*

*SMASH 'EM, JOCK!*

AAAAH! WE'RE BEING *MUGGED*! THE NATIVES ARE *HOSTILE*!

VAMPIRELLA RIPS OFF HER TRENDY LEATHER COAT, AND STANDS GARBED IN HER *DRAKULON FIGHTING-STRIP*.

*THU-U-UCKKK!*

*UUUUUUUGHHH!*

I SENSE *EVIL*... SOMETHING BEYOND AND ABOVE A MERE MUGGING FOR PROFIT AND SADISTIC PLEASURE...! IT'S SOMETHING *ELEMENTAL*... *LIFE-LOATHING*... *COSMICALLY VILE*!

YE'RE A RARE TOOTHsome LASSIE... AND I'D RATHER BE TAKIN' MA PLEASURE O' YE TONIGHT THAN SEE ALL THAT SMOOTH YOUNG *FLESH* WASTED!

PRESENTLY, VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON ARE BORNE OVER THE WIDE LOCH... TO THE LOWERING BULK OF THE ISLE - FORTRESS OF THE MACDAEMONS.

*ZLAP!!*

*SCH-ZUNKKK!!*





LATER, IN THE CHILL GREAT HALL OF HIS CASTLE, **ALASTAIR MACDAEMON** GAZES UPON THE UNCONSCIOUS FACE AND FORM OF THE LOVELY CREATURE FROM **DRAKULON**.

A COUPLE O' TOURISTS, LAIRD. THEY DIDNA GIVE US ANY TROUBLE, AND THE MONSTER O' THE LOCH WILL GET ANY **BLAME** THAT'S COMING!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, ANGUS.

BY ALL THE DEMONS IN HADES! THAT GIRL... NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN SUCH A MAGNIFICENT... SUCH AN EXQUISITELY MADE...

WE'LL BE OFF THEN, LAIRD. YE'LL NO BE WANTING ANY MORE TOURISTS OR STIFFS... FOR A COUPLE O' DAYS, I'M THINKING.

EH?... YES... LEAVE ME, BOTH OF YOU.

SOME VERSES SEEM TO BE RUNNING THROUGH MY MIND...

THE LAIRD OF CLAN MACDAEMON HAS CHANGED MUCH SINCE THAT FATEFUL NIGHT-TWO YEARS BEFORE-WHEN HIS FATHER ADMITTED HIM TO THE DREAD **SECRET** BEHIND THE **LOCKED DOOR**.

I HAVE IT... "THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE, THAT SHALL COMMAND MY HEART AND ME."

IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME... AFTER THE YEARS OF HORROR AND SELF-DISGUST...

UP...UP...UP... TO THE REMOTE FASTNESS OF THE GREAT BUILDING, UP TO **THE LOCKED ROOM**.

WOULD IT EVER BE POSSIBLE... WITH A GIRL LIKE THAT... TO WASH AWAY THE **SHAME** AND THE **DEGRADATION**? DOES SHE HAVE ENOUGH **TEARS** TO ADD TO MINE... TO CLEANSE THE **BLOOD** FROM MY HANDS?

INSIDE THE LOCKED ROOM, THE STENCH OF ANCIENT **CORRUPTION** MEETS HIS NOSTRILS, SO THAT... AS USUAL... HE NEARLY RETCHES. **SOMETHING** STIRS IN THE SHADOWS... PUTTING ON A FALSE VOICE... **COAXING AND BEGUILING**... ALASTAIR ADDRESSES THE **THING** THAT LIES THERE...

I HAVE NO FOOD FOR YOU TONIGHT, MY LOVE...

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, MY DARLING.

AS ALWAYS, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU... **I HAVE BROUGHT YOU... LOVE!**

**VAMPIRELLA** AWAKES WITH THE SOUND OF BIRD-SONGS AND THE SWEET SMELL BORNE ON THE MORNING BREEZE. LEAPING FROM THE RICHLY-CANOPIED BED, SHE FLIES TO THE OPEN WINDOW, AND GAZES OUT AT THE STAGGERING SPECTACLE LAID OUT BEFORE HER.

WHERE AM I?... IT CAN'T BE... BUT IT IS LIKE... **DRAKULON!**

HAVE I BEEN TRANSPORTED IN MY SLEEP?... NO!... WE WERE ATTACKED... TWO MEN...

I'M ALASTAIR MACDAEMON. **NO!... DON'T MOVE!** STAY JUST AS YOU ARE. IF I WERE TO LIVE **FOR-EVER**, I WOULD WANT TO KEEP THE MEMORY OF YOU... JUST THE WAY YOU ARE AT THIS **LIVING MOMENT!**

I AM VAMPIRELLA.

THE LARKS, IN THE HIGH SKY, FIND A SUDDEN ECHO IN THE SONG THAT BEGINS... SUDDENLY AND UNBIDDEN... WITHIN THE HEART OF THE GIRL FROM **DRAKULON**.

VAMPIRELLA... YOU ARE THE **NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE!**... YOU ARE THE RIGHT HAND TO MY LEFT... YOU ARE **LOVE!**

A MILLION YEARS PASS, BUT IT IS ONLY A DAY. WHAT LIES BETWEEN THEM IS **PURE... SPIRITUAL... UNDEFILED... CHASTE...**

I AM GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, VAMPIRELLA, THAT HAS REMAINED A **SECRET** IN MY FAMILY FOR **TWO HUNDRED YEARS**. THE HORROR OF IT **OVERSPILLS** IN MY MIND... AND YOU ARE THE **ONLY PERSON** WHO COULD EVER SHARE IT.

PLEASE... TELL ME, DARLING. I'VE KNOWN **ALL ALONG** THAT **SOMETHING** WAS TROUBLING YOU.



THE **BRIDE** OF THE LAIRD MACDAEMON WAS BROUGHT FROM EDINBURGH. SHE WAS FAIR OF FACE, AND SWEET-SMELLING ENOUGH TO DRIVE A RED-BLOODED HIGHLANDER **MAD**.

IT WAS AN **ARRANGED** MATCH. SHE HAD NEVER SEEN HER **HUSBAND-TO-BE**. SMALL WONDER THAT HER MAIDEN'S HEART LEAPT FOR JOY TO BEHOLD THE FINE, **BRAW** YOUTH WHO STOOD BEFORE HER.

THEY WERE COMPLEMENTARY IN FACE AND FORM...TWO SPLENDID YOUNG **ANIMALS**.

THE GLANCES THEY EXCHANGED DURING THE WEDDING SERVICE BETOKENED THE **UNIMAGINABLE DELIGHTS** TO COME...WHEN THEY RETIRED TO THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.



IT WAS A **HEADY** PROMISE THAT WAS NEVER TO BE FULFILLED. WITH THE WORDS OF THE BLESSING STILL RINGING IN HER EARS, SHE BEHELD THE **RADDLED** AND **DEBAUCHED** FACE OF HER TRUE HUSBAND.

I AM ONLY A **PROXY**! SUCH A **PITY**, MY DEAR! THIS IS MY UNCLE, THE LAIRD ALIXANDER!

COME, MY LITTLE CHICK...LET'S TO THE NEST!



OH, BUT YE WILL, MY LITTLE CHICK! AFORE THIS NIGHT'S OUT, YE'LL **SCREAM** FOR THE LOVING ARMS O' YOUR DARLING LAIRD ALEC!...AND TOMORROW NIGHT, YE'LL BE **GLAD** O' MY ATTENTIONS!

**STRIP** THE WENCH, LADS!...TAKE HER DOWN TO THE LOCH SHORE!



I'VE BEEN **TRICKED**!...YE OLD **WARLOCK**!...I'LL NOT HAVE YOUR **FILTHY** HANDS AND LIPS UPON ME!



STAY TILL **COCKCROW**, MY BEAUTY!  
MANY'S THE THING'S YE'LL SEE IN THE  
NIGHT, I'VE NO DOUBT, THERE'LL BE  
**GHOSTIES** AND **GHOULIES** AND  
THINGS THAT GO **BUMP**  
IN THE NIGHT! HEH, HEH!



MY TIME'S ON  
ME, NANNIE... I'M  
FRIGHTENED.'



THERE, THERE,  
MY DEARIE...  
ANNIE'LL LOOK  
AFTER YE!

TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE MAIDEN BECAME AWARE OF A **DISTURBANCE** FAR OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DARK LOCH. IT WAS AS IF **SOMETHING** WAS **MOVING** OUT THERE... **MOVING TOWARDS HER!**

THEN...IN A BLINDING INSTANT  
OF HORRIFIED AWARENESS..  
SHE SAW...IT!



THAT NIGHT, THE LAIRD RETURNED FROM THE HUNT... DRUNK AND INCAPABLE AS USUAL.

WHAT NEWS,  
YE OLD BAGGAGE?...  
HAS MY LADY-WIFE  
*HELPED* YET, EH?



AYE, LAIRD!  
MY LADY'S  
DELIVERED OF  
A *GIRL-CHILD*.  
MEBBE YE'D BE  
WISHING TO SEE  
THE BABY...

WELL THEN, MA  
WEE BABY... WEE  
DAUGHTER MINE...  
*HIC!...*



АААААГНННН!  
-NO!







EEEEEEHHHHHHH.....

MY **DARLING**  
**BABY** DOESN'T LIKE  
THE LAIRD, NANNIE!

SERVES HIM RIGHT!...  
COME IN WALKING IN MY DEARIE'S  
BEDCHAMBER IN HIS FILTHY BOOTS,  
AND STINKING O' WHISKEY!

ALASTAIR FINISHES TELLING  
HIS STORY TO VAMPIRELLA...

YOU  
MEAN?

LAIRD  
ALEXANDER  
WAS **NOT**

THE FATHER OF THE  
**THING** THAT WAS  
BORN TO THAT GIRL-  
WIFE! THAT **SPAWN** OF  
EVIL...THE OFFSPRING  
OF THE LOCH **MONSTER**  
IT STILL LIVES, AFTER  
ALL THESE YEARS, IN A  
LOCKED ROOM AT  
THE TOP OF THE  
CASTLE!

AND...IN THE  
YEARS BETWEEN...  
THE LAIRDS OF  
MACDAEMON HAVE  
TENDED THE **BEAST**  
AND HIDDEN HER  
FROM THE EYES  
OF MEN!



MY POOR DARLING...  
WHAT YOU MUST HAVE  
**SUFFERED!**

I CAN'T  
TELL HER...  
**ALL!**

SHE MUST  
NEVER HEAR  
OF THE  
CREATURE'S...  
**APPETITES**  
...NOR OF HOW  
I **SATISFY**  
THEM!!

DO I LOVE HIM?... THEN WHY  
HAVE I NEVER BEEN ABLE TO **GIVE**  
MYSELF TO HIM **COMPLETELY**?... IS IT  
SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SENSE OF  
**EVIL** THAT I EXPERIENCED THAT NIGHT,  
ON THE SHORE,  
BEFORE I MET  
ALASTAIR?



THE THOUGHT LAY... ON VAMPIRELLA'S  
MIND. AND SO, SHE COMES TO A  
DECISION...

DARLING, I  
MUST GO AWAY  
...THINK IT  
OVER.

AFTER ALL,  
HE DOESN'T KNOW  
**MY** STORY YET. WHAT'S  
HE GOING TO THINK  
ABOUT MY BEING  
A **VAMPIRE**?



I...I QUITE  
UNDERSTAND,  
DARLING.

SHE'LL NEVER COME  
BACK!... **NEVER!**...  
ONCE SHE GOES AWAY,  
I'VE **LOST** HER  
**FOREVER!**

A DRINK,  
MY DARLING...  
A TOAST...TO  
**US!**



I'M NEVER  
GOING TO LET  
YOU GO. NO  
MATTER WHAT!  
EVEN IF YOU  
**LOATHE** ME  
ALL THROUGH  
ETERNITY, I'M  
NOT GOING TO  
**LOSE** YOU!



IT IS **TWENTY-THREE** HOURS BEFORE VAMPIRELLA RECOVERS FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG. BY THIS TIME, HER **ALIEN METABOLISM** IS CRAVING ONLY ONE THING! **BLOOD!**... **FRESH, HOT, NEWLY-SUCKED FROM THE LIVING ARTERY!**

I CAN'T GET TO MY **BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM!**...  
I'M GOING TO **DIE**...  
UNLESS... **UNLESS**...



VAMPIRELLA!... TELL ME THAT YOU'LL STAY WITH ME **FOREVER**, OR THIS MISERABLE WRETCH WILL BE **TORN** TO PIECES AND **DEVOURED** BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, ALASTAIR...  
NOT YOU...

DON'T PUSH **MY** LUCK, VAMPI!

THEN THEY SEE... **IT!**



COME FORTH, CURSE OF THE MACDAEMONS!...  
YOUR MEAT AWAITS YOU!



EAT!...  
EAT!



BUT THE TWO HUNDRED YEAR-OLD CURSE OF CLAN MACDAEMON IS **PART-HUMAN**, AND A **WOMAN**. THE BRAIN IN THAT HIDEOUS **SKULL** IS A **REASONING, MAN-HATING** ORGANISM!

AND, RIGHT NOW, THE MAN WHOM THE SHE-MONSTER **HATES** MOST OF ALL IN THE WORLD IS...

YE-E-E-E-E-E-E-A-A-A-A-HHHH!!





...ALASTAIR MACDAEMON, LAIRD OF CLAN MACDAEMON!...  
IT IS TO HIM THAT THE SHE-MONSTER DIRECTS HER **HATRED!**  
HAS HE NOT STARVED HER OF **MEAT** FOR TWO DAYS?  
WHAT IS MORE, HAS HE NOT **DEPRIVED** HER OF **LOVE**?  
HAS HE NOT BEEN... **UNFAITHFUL**?

YOU ARE **MINE**, MY DARLING!... ALL I  
EVER WANTED!... **SHE** MEANS NOTHING  
TO ME... **EEEEAAAAHHH!**



IT IS A **VAMPIRE-BAT** OF DRAKULON THAT DESCENDS  
UPON THE GORGING SHE-MONSTER OF CASTLE GRAYVE!

**GNAAAAGHH!**



**IT IS OVER!**... THE TWO HUNDRED YEAR CURSE OF  
THE MACDAEMONS IS ALREADY MOULDERING!



**VAMPIRELLA STRAINS** IN HER BONDS... IN **VAIN!** THEN, SHE  
DIRECTS HERSELF INTO A **METAMORPHOSIS**...



DESCENDS... RENDS... SUCKS THE THICK  
**RED BLOOD!**

**EEEEEEEEHHH!**



AWAY OUT ACROSS THE DARK LOCH, **SOMETHING**  
RISES FROM THE UNCHARTERED DEPTHS...

THE **TERROR** OF LOCH EERIE  
SENSES THAT IS **OFFSPRING**  
HAS BEEN DESTROYED...



...AND THE TEEMING EVIL WITHIN IT SCREAMS OUT IN  
A MILLION VOICES FOR **VENGEANCE!**

NEXT ISSUE: **THE UNDEAD OF THE DEEP!**

THERE ARE NO **BUILDINGS** TO OBSTRUCT THE HORIZON, NO FOUL CONTAMINANTS TO MUTE THE CRIMSON FLUSH OF DAWN. THE DAY WILL BE **LONG** AND STEAMY WITH **BROILING**, HUMID HEAT. BUT FOR NOW THE DENIZENS OF THIS BRACKISH LAGOON ARE STILL WRAPPED IN A LETHARGIC **SLEEP** AS HEAVY AS THEIR PONDEROUS BODIES. ONLY THE BUZZING WHIR OF GIGANTIC **DRAGONFLY** WINGS STIRS THE SILENT AIR...

HIGHER NOW, THE SCARLET **SUN** EMBUES THE AIR WITH OPPRESSIVE MUGGINESS... AND A FIRST AWAKENING CREATURE VENTURES FROM HIS **SANCTUARY** WITHIN A HOLLOW LOG. THE HUGE **CROCODILE** SLITHERS ACROSS A FERNED LANDSCAPE TOWARD THE LAGOON AND ITS COOL WATERS...

THE SCALY, KNOTTY-HIDED CROCODILE THINKS ONLY OF COOLING ITSELF... AND AS IT BEGINS TO SLIP INTO THE **SOOTHING WATERS**, IT FAILS TO NOTICE **TARN** AS HE SHAMBLES FROM THE FOREST RECESSES ON MASSIVE, COLUMNAR LEGS...

SPALASSSHHH!

WELCOME TO THE **MESOZOIC** ERA, BEAST BUFFS! GET READY FOR BLOOD AND GORE... AND BEAST OF ALL...

**TARN IS HUNGRY**, AND HIS HUGE MASS REQUIRES MUCH FOOD. TARN IS A **CARNOSAUR**. A MEAT-EATING DINOSAUR OF THE JURASSIC AGE... BUT **TARN** DOESN'T KNOW THIS. ALL **TARN** KNOWS IS HE IS **HUNGRY**, AND THAT MEAT SWIMS BEFORE HIM. **TARN** LUNGES FOR THAT MEAT, AND THE WATERS OF THE ONCE-SERENE LAGOON **ERUPT** WITH...

ROOOOAAAARRRRRAARRR!  
HIIIIIISSSSSS!

THE **CRASH** OF **LEVIATHANS!**



TARN FEELS THE **SPRAY** OF LAGOON WATER CASCADING OVER HIS **THICK** HIDE. HE FEELS THE **WHIPPING SLAP** OF THE CROCODILE'S TAIL AS THEY FRENZIEDLY THRASH ABOUT IN THE **TURBULENCE** OF A DESPERATE DEATH COMBAT...

TARN'S BRAIN IS **SMALL** AND A LONG DISTANCE FROM HIS LEG...IT IS A WHILE BEFORE HE FEELS THE IRRITATING **STING** OF THE CROCODILE'S TEETH. BUT HE DOES NOT GIVE THE SNAPPING JAWS MUCH THOUGHT... HE IS TOO BUSY FEELING THE **SATISFYING REND** OF FLESH UNDER HIS OWN RAZOR SHARP TEETH...

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH GRUNTS AND HISSES OF **PAIN AND RAGE**. TARN PLANTS A HUGE TALONED FOOT UPON THE CROCODILE'S BACK, THE BETTER TO RIP AT ITS NECK. HE **STAMPS DOWN** ON THE SCALY BACK AND PULLS **UPWARD** WITH HIS TEETH, BURIED IN THE MORE VULNERABLE FLESH OF THE CROCODILE'S NECK...

TARN DOES NOT OFTEN **ENTER** THE WATER. IT IS **FOREIGN** TO HIM. BUT **INSATIABLE HUNGER** DRIVES TARN TO MANY THINGS. STILL, THE WATER UNSETTLES HIM. HE REMOVES THE CROCODILE FROM THE LAGOON, SPRAYING DROPLETS **SPEW** IN ALL DIRECTIONS, AND **SALTY-SWEET BLOOD** TANTALIZES TARN'S PALATE...

THE BLOOD REMINDS TARN OF HIS HUNGER, AND RENEWS HIS EFFORTS. WITH A **WHIPPING SNAP** OF HIS MUSCLED NECK HE SLINGS THE CROCODILE TO THE MUDDY GROUND. THERE IS A MUTED, DULL **CRACK**. AND TARN KNOWS HE HAS DONE SOMETHING TO THE CROCODILE. SOON, HE WILL EAT...

**THUD!**

TARN DOES NOT CARE IF THE CROCODILE STILL **LIVES**. AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT MOVE, AND DOES NOT TRY TO **CLAMP ITS JAWS** AROUND HIM, HE IS CONTENT. HE TEARS A SECTION OF SUCCULENT **MEAT** FROM THE CROCODILE'S NECK WITH HIS SIX-INCH LONG SLAVERING TEETH...

TARN DEVOURS HIS SLAIN FOE HUNGRILY, KNOWING IT IS GOOD TO FILL HIS BELLY. BUT TARN IS **HUNGRY** ALMOST ALL THE TIME. EVEN BEFORE HE HAS FINISHED **FEASTING** ON THE CARCASS OF THE CROCODILE, HE GAZES AT THE SLUGGISH **BRONTOSAURUS** WITH LUSTING EYES...

AT THIS PROMISE OF SUCH A **SUMPTUOUS AND LARGE MEAL**, TARN FORGETS THE CROCODILE... AND RUSHES TOWARD THE **CARELESS** BRONTOSAURUS ON GROUND-SHAKING LEGS...

TARN WATCHES THE HALF-SUBMERGED **BEHEMOTH** AS IT STEADILY MUNCHES ON BULL RUSHES, CONIFERS, AND SWAMP REEDS. HE CANNOT **UNDERSTAND** HOW THE BRONTOSAURUS CAN STAND BEING IN THE AWFUL WATER. HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT THE **CREATURE** NEEDS THE WATER'S BUOYANCY TO ALLOW ITS 30 TON MASS TO STAND AT ALL. BUT HE DOES REALIZE THAT THE **GIGANTIC REPTILE** HAS VENTURED **TOO CLOSE** TO THE SHORE...



TARN'S FEET ARE **FAST** FOR ONE OF HIS IMMENSE SIZE, BUT HIS BRAIN IS SLOW. HE HAS ALREADY **LEAPED** FOR THE BRONTOSAURUS BEFORE HE REALIZES THAT HIS PREY HAS DUCKED BACK AND SLIPPED INTO THE SECURITY OF DEEPER WATERS. TARN SPLASHES HEAVILY AND FLOUNDERS IN THE HORRIBLE WETNESS...





CONFUSED AND TERRIFIED BY THE **SUFFOCATING LIQUID**, TARN WRENCHES HIS BULK FROM THE LAGOON. HE WILL LET THE BRONTOSAURUS GO THIS TIME. HE WILL RETURN TO THE REST OF HIS KILL...

TARN DOES NOT KNOW THAT SMALLER, **SCAVENGING DINOSAURS** HAVE STOLEN HIS CROCODILE. ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT IT IS **GONE**. HE IS ANGRY. DID HE EAT IT ALL? HE DOES NOT REMEMBER. BUT HE IS STILL HUNGRY, AND THE DAY HAS JUST BEGUN...

TARN LEANS BACK, SUPPORTED BY THE **PROP** OF HIS HUGE TAIL. IN THIS ATTITUDE, HE CAN LIFT HIS HEAD **HIGH** TO SURVEY THE REGION AROUND HIM. TARN IS **FEARED** BY THE OTHER DINOSAURS... THEY HAVE ALL TAKEN TO **HIDING**...

SO HE **LEAVES** THE LAGOON, IN PURSUIT OF **OTHER** GAME, TARN DIPS HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE GROUND AND LIFTS HIS TAIL, HOLDING IT OUT STIFFLY BEHIND HIM.

TARN SHAMBLES THROUGH THE **FOREST**, PAST BARREL-TRUNKS OF SPRUCES, HEMLOCKS, LARCHES, CYPRESSES, CEDARS, FIRS, REDWOODS, AND GINKGOS. A FLITTING **SHADOW** ACROSS THE JELLY-GLOBES OF HIS EYES CAUSES HIM TO LOOK UPWARDS, AND HE WONDERS AT THE DELICACY A GLIDING **PTERODACTYL**...

SOON TARN LITERALLY BREAKS INTO A **CLEARING**. WITH HIS MIND FUNNELED ONLY ON **FOOD**, HE **DISREGARDS** THE FORMIDABLE TAIL-SPIKES AND **NEAR-INVULNERABLE ARMOR-PLATING** OF THE PLACID STEGOSAURUS...

HESITANTLY, TARN SIZES UP HIS **OPPONENT**. THE POISED TAIL WITH ITS DOUBLE ROW OF MENACING SPIKES GIVES HIM EPHEMERAL **PAUSE**. HE WONDERS IF HE IS THAT HUNGRY... AND DECIDES... YES...



TARN **LUNGES**, AND CLAMPS HIS POWERFUL JAWS ON THE STEGOSAURUS'S TRIANGULAR BACK PLATES. THE PLATES ARE **HARD**, AND DO NOT TASTE GOOD. HOW IS HE TO **PENETRATE** HIS FOE'S INBUILT DEFENSES? TARN DOESN'T KNOW... BUT HE WILL DO IT OR **PERISH** IN THE BLOOD-SPATTERED ATTEMPT.

SIX POINTED **SPIKES** OF PAIN DRIVE INTO TARN'S THIGH WITH VIOLENT IMPACT. THE THORNY SPIKES DIG DEEPER, DRAWING A GUSHING WELTER OF TARN'S BLOOD. TARN RELEASES THE HARD, BITTER BACK-PLATES AND SHRIEKS **BELLOWS** HIS RAGE THROUGHOUT THE CLEARING...

REEEEEEEEEEAAAAARRRRR!




TARN IS **ANGRY**, AND INSANE WITH EXCRUCIATING **PAIN**. HE WILL NOT LET THE STEGOSAURUS GET AWAY WITH INFLECTING SUCH PAIN UPON HIM. HE LOWERS HIS **HEAD** AND RAMS UNDER THE STEGOSAURUS'S **BELLY**...

THEN TARN THRUSTS HIS HEAD UP **TOPPLING** THE STEGOSAURUS ONTO ITS ARMOR-PLATED BACK, AND TARN IS GLAD TO SEE THE SOFT **UNDERBELLY** OF HIS FOE...

WHYJUMP!







AND ONCE MORE TARN FILLS HIS **GAPING MAW** WITH THE BLOOD, FLESH, AND GUTS OF ANOTHER VANQUISHED FOE. HE WILL BE **CONTENT** NOW... UNTIL HE HAS CONSUMED ALL OF HIS MEAL...

TARN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THE HUGE **SILVER BEAST** CAN OPEN UP TO DISGORGE THREE OTHER BEASTS. BUT THESE OTHER THREE ARE CLOSER TO TARN'S SIZE. NOW HE **KNOWS** HE WILL NOT LET THEM TAKE HIS KILL...

TARN IS NOT EASILY **DISTRACTED** FROM A MEAL, BUT THE HARSH GLINTING OF **BLINDING** SUNLIGHT UPON A **SILVER OBJECT** IN THE SKY MAKES HIM PAUSE AND CONSIDER THE DESCENDING THING. HE HAS **NEVER** SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...

THE SILVER THING GROWS **LARGER** AND MORE UNFAMILIAR AS IT **SETTLES** TOWARD THE GROUND. A HIGH-KEENING **WHINE** EMITS FROM ITS DAZZLING HIDE. TARN IS **DISTURBED**. BUT HE IS READY TO **DEFEND** HIS KILL AGAINST ANYTHING...

WHY THE OVERLORD EVEN **WANTS** TO COLONIZE THIS HOT, MUGGY PLANET, I'LL NEVER KNOW!



TARN DOES NOT LIKE THE **SOUNDS** THE THREE BEASTS MAKE. THEY MIGHT BE **GROWLING** AT HIM, **CHALLENGING** HIM FOR HIS MEAL. TARN WISHES TO SILENCE THE THREE...

**OURS** IS NOT TO QUESTION, ROGAR. OUR OWN PLANET WILL DIE WITHIN SEVERAL MILLION YEARS. IF OUR RACE IS TO CONTINUE, WE MUST FIND A **SUITABLE** ALTERNATIVE PLANET... AND **ERADICATE** ITS NATIVE SPECIES.

I MERELY QUESTION THE CHOICE OF **THIS** PLANET. IT IS HOT... **TOO HOT** FOR ME...

WE WILL BECOME **ACCUSTOMED** TO IT. BUT **FIRST** WE MUST DETERMINE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF OUR **WEAPONS** UPON A SAMPLE INHABITANT. IT IS INCONCEIVABLE THAT **ANY** MIND COULD WITHSTAND A SINGLE BLAST FROM OUR WEAPONS, BUT WE MUST ADHERE TO ORDERS...

TARN FEELS A SOFT TINGLE IN HIS HEAD, AND WONDERS WHAT IT IS. IT DOES **NOT PAIN HIM**, BUT MERELY **ANNOYS HIM**...

INCREDIBLE! THE **MIDTAIN** DISCHARGE DOES NOT AFFECT HIM! SUCH A CREATURE MUST POSSESS **VAST MENTAL POWERS**... WE WOULD **NEVER** BE ABLE TO ERADICATE A **PLANETFUL** OF THEM!

PERHAPS WE CAN **EXTERMINATE** THEM WITH **BRUTE FORCE**. ROGAR, CONFRONT THE CREATURE IN COMBAT!

ROGAR **DO THIS, ROGAR DO THAT!** IF NOT FOR YOUR **SENIORITY** IN THE FEDERATION, MINDRAGO, IT WOULD BE **ME** TELLING **YOU** TO FACE THIS CREATURE IN COMBAT...

TARN WATCHES AS ONE OF THE BEASTS **STEPS FORWARD**. HIS HEAD FEELS **NOTHING** AT ALL NOW... AND HE IS READY TO **DEFEND** HIS MEAL...

TARN HAD **NEVER** BEEN ATTACKED LIKE THIS BEFORE. HE DOES NOT COMPREHEND THE **SUBTLE DEXTERITY** OF THE ARMS AND HANDS WHICH ENIRCLE HIS MASSIVE GIRTH, **RENDERING** HIM HELPLESS. BUT HE DOES **UNDERSTAND** THAT THIS WILL BE A **FIGHT FINISHED ONLY IN DEATH**...

WELL, THE CREATURE GOES **DOWN** EASILY ENOUGH. PERHAPS THEY **ARE** PUSHOVERS...

TARN STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY, HIS TAIL FLAILS IN ALL DIRECTIONS... UNTIL FINALLY IT **CONNECTS**...

STILL, HE'S CERTAINLY STRONG ENOUGH... **UUUUHHNNN!**

**WHOCK!**

THE BEAST GOES MOMENTARILY **LIMP**, **RELEASING** TARN. TARN ROLLS TO HIS FEET, CONFIDENCE RETURNING AS HE SEES THE **DAZED** CONDITION OF HIS ALIEN OPPONENT...



**BAK!!**

**AAAHHHIIIEEEEEEE!**

FINISHES THE BATTLE IS  
FINISHED. HE SENSES  
ATTACKER IS IN PAIN...  
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF IT...

AAA AAAHHHHH!



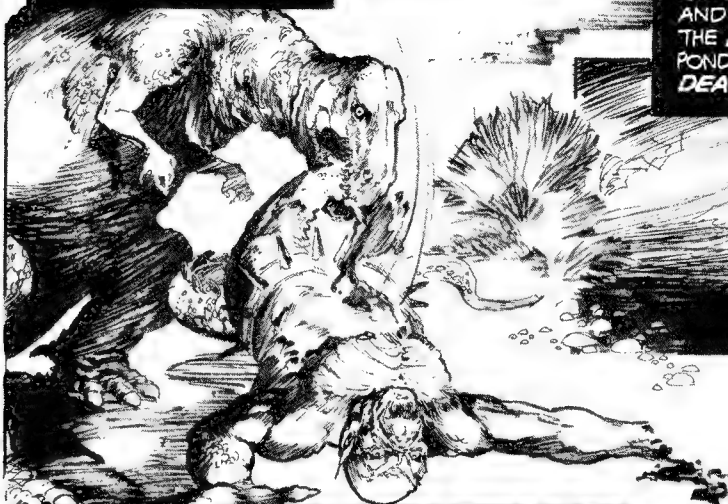
ROGAR IS **DEAD!**  
THE CREATURE IS **SAVAGE!**  
SUCH BRUTALITY COMBINED  
WITH ITS **MENTAL CAPACITIES**  
IS TOO MUCH FOR US! WE  
MUST KEEP SEARCHING FOR  
**ANOTHER** SUITABLE  
PLANET...

TARN IS **TRIUMPHANT**. BUT HE DOES  
NOT REALIZE HE HAS PREVENTED EARTH  
FROM BEING **SEIZED** BY ALIEN INVADERS.  
HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE HAS **SAVED**  
THE PLANET... THAT HE HAS **STOPPED**  
**CREATURES** WHO WERE INTENT ON  
PREVENTING HUMAN LIFE FROM EVER  
APPEARING ON EARTH. ALL TARN KNOWS  
IS THAT HE IS TRIUMPHANT... AND HUNGRY...



THE ALIEN BEAST **TASTES PECULIAR** TO TARN.  
HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT IT CONTAINS  
**VIRULENT BACTERIA** WHICH WILL PROVE  
LETHAL TO HIM WITHIN THE DAY. IF TARN **WERE**  
AWARE OF THIS, PERHAPS HE WOULD REALIZE  
THE ALIENS WERE **REALLY** THE ONES TO  
**TRIUMPH**... FOR **AFTER TARN DIES**,  
SCAVENGERS WILL EAT **HIM** AND ALSO **DIE**  
**FROM THE GERMS**...

...AND **OTHER DINOSAURS** WILL EAT THOSE  
**SCAVENGERS**, AND ALSO DIE, SPREADING THE  
**GERMS** UNTIL **ALL DINOSAURS ARE EXTINCT**.  
AND MILLIONS OF EVOLUTIONARY YEARS FROM NOW,  
THE **HUMANS** TARN HAS UNWITTINGLY SAVED WILL  
PONDER THE CAUSE FOR THE **MYSTERIOUS MASS**  
**DEATH** OF THE DINOSAURS...




...AS WILL THEY PONDER THE **ORIGIN OF DISEASE**  
AND PLAGUE-CAUSING BACTERIA AND VIRUSES,  
NEVER REALIZING THAT **BEFORE TARN'S**  
ENCOUNTER WITH THE ALIENS, EARTH HAD BEEN A  
**VIRGIN PLANET BEREFT OF DISEASE AND**  
**PESTILENCE**.

SO HOW DID  
YOU LIKE MY  
**BITING**  
SATIRE ON  
THE GODZILLA  
MOVIES? I'LL  
BET ROGAR  
IS ALL **TARN**  
UP OVER IT!

BUT TARN **DOESN'T CARE** ABOUT THIS.  
ALL TARN CARES ABOUT IS **EATING**.



# PROLOGUE



YOU MUST GUIDE ME  
**WELL**, MY DOG! THE TRAIL  
IS COLD AND **TREACHEROUS!**  
AND UNLIKE YOU, I HAVE  
**NO EYES** TO LEAD ME.  
IT IS UP TO **YOU** TO FIND  
US SHELTER FROM  
THE ELEMENTS!

IT WASN'T SO VERY LONG  
AGO THAT I COULD HAVE  
FOUND MY **OWN** SHELTER!  
EVEN AS **YOU** ARE NOW MY  
EYES, MY PET... SO WAS I  
THE **EYES** OF AN  
**OLD MAN!**

WHEN I  
HAD MY SIGHT,  
I, TOO, WAS A  
**BLIND MAN'S**  
**GUIDE!**

BUT **MY** MASTER WAS  
**CRUEL...MERCILESS!** HE  
LOVED **TORTURING** ME!

HE **HATED**  
THE WORLD  
AND TOOK HIS  
HATE OUT  
ON **ME!**

HE TAUGHT **ME**  
HOW TO **HATE**, TOO!  
WITH EVERY **BLOW...**  
EVERY **KICK** I  
RECEIVED FROM  
HIM, I **HATED**  
HIM MORE AND  
**MORE!**

THERE WAS  
**NO LOVE**  
BETWEEN **HIM**  
AND **ME**, AS  
THERE IS  
BETWEEN **US**,  
MY PET!

THAT  
IS WHY  
I HAD TO  
**KILL**  
HIM!

I REMEMBER THE  
OLD MAN WELL...TOO  
WELL! HIS RASPY  
VOICE STILL STICKS  
IN MY MEMORY...

# BLIND MAN'S GUIDE

LISTEN TO  
ME, GOOD PEOPLE  
OF VILLANUEVA! I  
AM A **BLIND MAN**...  
A PAUPER FORCED  
TO **BEG** IN THE  
STREETS! BUT I  
AM **RICHER** THAN  
YOU **ALL**!

FOR WITHIN ME, I  
CARRY THE ONLY **REAL**  
**BEAUTY** THIS WORLD HAS  
EVER KNOWN! I HAVE MEMOR-  
IZED THE **VERSES** OF **CERVANTES**  
... THE CANTATIONS OF **HERRERA**,  
**ARGENSOLA** AND **CALDERÓN**  
... THE POETRY OF **LOPE**  
AND **GONGORA**!

...**BEAUTIFUL**  
WORDS... WORDS  
THAT POSSESS THE  
**WISDOM** OF THE AGES!  
**BEAUTY** AND **WIS-**  
**DOM** THAT WILL  
MAKE YOU **CRY**  
IN **HAPPINESS**!

I BRING THESE  
VERSES TO YOU! SO  
YOU WILL **KNOW**, AS I  
HAVE KNOWN, ABOUT  
**LOVE AND HATE**, VIR-  
TUE AND SIN...  
ABOUT THE **HELL**  
AWAITING US **ALL**!

LET ME **SHARE**  
MY BEAUTIFUL VERSES  
WITH YOU AND IN  
RETURN ALL  
I ASK...

...IS THAT YOU  
**SHARE** WHAT YOU  
HAVE WITH **ME**?  
SPARE A FEW **GOLD**  
**PIECES** SO THAT AN  
OLD MAN AND A  
BOY MAY **EAT** YET  
ANOTHER DAY!





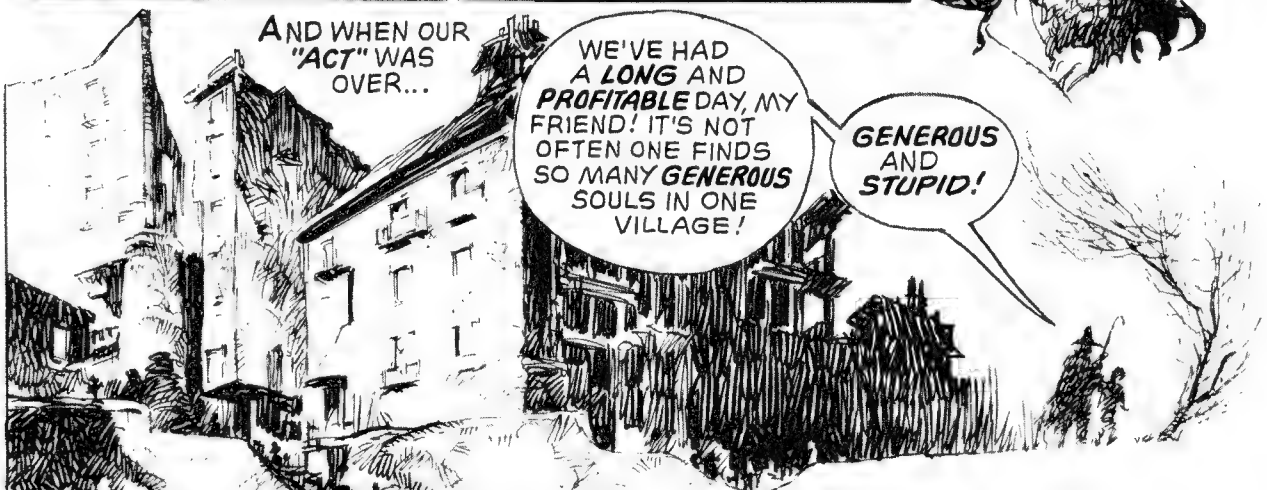
GRACE THE  
BOY'S PLATE  
WITH **RICHES**  
AND **MY WISDOM**  
WILL BE **YOURS!**  
IT'S THE **BAR-  
GAIN** OF YOUR  
LIVES!

WITH YOUR HELP,  
GOOD PEOPLE, WE  
WILL BE ABLE TO  
**LIVE** ANOTHER  
DAY... TO CARRY THE  
WORDS OF THE POETS  
TO THE NEXT TOWN!  
**GOD** WILL BLESS  
YOU FOR YOUR  
**GENEROSITY!**

THE OLD MAN'S **SILVER-  
TONGUED** SPIEL GOT THEM  
EVERY TIME...



HE **SURE** WASN'T  
**LYING** ABOUT THAT!



AND WHEN OUR  
"ACT" WAS  
OVER...

WE'VE HAD  
A **LONG** AND  
**PROFITABLE** DAY, MY  
FRIEND! IT'S NOT  
OFTEN ONE FINDS  
SO MANY **GENEROUS**  
SOULS IN ONE  
VILLAGE!

**GENEROUS  
AND  
STUPID!**





NOOOOOOO!

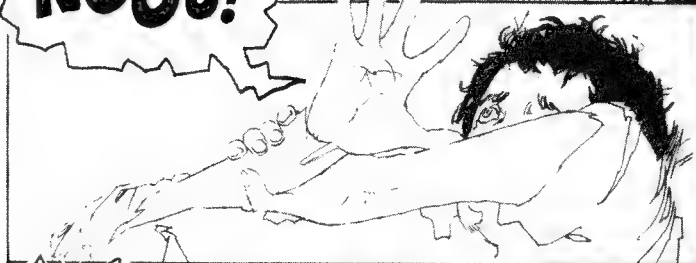


DAMNED  
BRAT!

...YOU'LL  
LEARN...

...EVEN  
IF I HAVE  
TO BEAT  
HOLY  
HELL  
OUT OF  
YOU!!

NOOO!



NOOO!



NO!



SOB  
SOB



THOUGH EACH DAY THE OLD MAN DISGUSTED ME *MORE*, I BID MY TIME... WAITED FOR THE *PERFECT* OPPORTUNITY... TO *END* HIS MISERABLE *LIFE*...

THEN ONE DAY,  
JUST OUTSIDE A  
SMALL VILLAGE...

WHAT *SOLITUDE*!  
THERE'S *NO ONE* AROUND!  
THIS WOULD BE THE IDEAL  
PLACE FOR MY *REVENGE*!

WAIT!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

YOU'LL *PAY*  
FOR THIS, OLD  
MAN! YOU'LL  
PAY WITH YOUR  
*LIFE*... I  
*SWEAR* IT!

*WOLF TRACKS*!  
AND THEY'RE *FRESH*!  
THE COLD MUST BE  
MAKING PICKINGS *LEAN*  
FOR THE WOLVES IF THEY  
VENTURE SO NEAR  
THE VILLAGE!

AND IF  
THEY'RE AS  
*HUNGRY* AS I  
SUSPECT... JUST  
THE *SMELL* OF  
*BLOOD* COULD  
INCITE THEM TO  
*ATTACK*!

MY *CANE*!  
GIVE IT TO ME,  
YOU DAMNED  
BRAT...

...OR YOU'LL  
*REGRET* THE  
DAY YOU WERE  
*BORN*!

THERE THEY  
*ARE*... WAITING...  
THEY WON'T *ATTACK*  
US *UNLESS*...

YOU'VE  
*ALREADY*  
MADE ME  
REGRET  
THAT DAY,  
MASTER...

...*TODAY* IS THE  
DAY I *REJOICE*!

IT IS THE  
DAY YOU  
*DIE*!

THE OLD MAN HAD *NO*  
*IDEA* THE WOLVES WERE  
NEAR. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN  
FOR HIS *BLINDNESS* AND  
THE ELEMENT OF *SUR-*  
*PRISE*, I NEVER WOULD  
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO  
*GRAB HIS STAFF*...





TWICE I CRACKED HIS SKULL WITH THE HEAVY STAFF! HE WAS **DAZED**... BUT HE **HEARD** THE EXCITED **WOLVES** NEARBY...

...AND **REASON** TOLD HIM MY DEADLY **PLAN**...!

BOY! NO! DON'T DO IT! **STOP!!** THOSE **WOLVES** WILL KILL ME!

**PLEASE!**

BUT IT WAS **TOO LATE!** NOTHING COULD STOP THE **WOLVES!** INCITED BY **HUNGER**, ROUSED BY THE SMELL OF **FRESH BLOOD**, THE **WOLVES** LEAPED FOR THE OLD MAN...

HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN **HELL**...



BUT WITH HIS DYING BREATH, HE UTTERED A **CURSE!** IT **STILL** STICKS IN MY HEAD...

YOU'LL **DIE** FOR THIS, BOY... I **CURSE** YOU... TO DIE JUST AS I DO... YOU'LL KNOW... **AGONY!!**



IT WAS OVER...

... I WAS **FREE** FROM MY **WICKED** MASTER...!



BUT I **STILL** HAD TO ESCAPE THE **WOLVES!** WHEN THEY FINISHED PICKING THE OLD MAN'S BONES CLEAN... I **KNEW** I WOULD BE **NEXT...**

GOTTA RUN...  
**ESCAPE!**

HE **CURSED** ME TO DIE JUST AS HE HAS... **TORN TO BLOODY PIECES** TO FEED STARVING ANIMALS! BUT HE WAS **MAD!** I CAN'T LET HIS CURSE **WORRY** ME...

...GOTTA RUN...RUN...

I'LL TELL THE VILLAGERS IT WAS AN **ACCIDENT...** THAT THE WOLVES **ATTACKED** US... BUT I WAS ABLE TO **ESCAPE!**

THEY'LL **BELIEVE** ME!

I WAS **OBSESSED!** I RAN AS FAST AND AS FAR AS I COULD... AND STILL PUSHED **FURTHER!** THE OLD MAN'S LAST WORDS REVERBERATED IN MY MIND...

AND THEN I WAS IN THE TOWN...

**HELP! HELP ME!!**  
WOLVES HAVE KILLED MY MASTER...THE OLD BLIND MAN...  
**WOLVES!**

IN MY **EXCITEMENT...** EXHAUSTION... I DIDN'T SEE THE **CARRIAGE** COMING! I RAN RIGHT IN **FRONT** OF IT...

MY GOD! HE'S UNDER THE WHEELS!

**GET HIM OUT!**

MY LIFE WAS **SAVED** BY THE VILLAGE PHYSICIANS! **BUT...** AND THERE WAS A **BIG BUT...**

WE CAN DO **NO MORE!**

HE WILL LIVE...

BUT THE BOY WILL BE **BLIND** FOR LIFE!

I WAS A **POOR** BLIND MAN'S GUIDE, MY PET! BUT ONLY AS **POOR** AS MY **WORTHLESS MASTER!**

YOU ARE A MUCH **BETTER** GUIDE... AND A **BETTER FRIEND** TO ME THAN I WAS TO MY **MASTER!**

**OOF!**

**DAMN ROOTS! I'M TRAPPED!**





YOU MUST  
BE MORE  
**CAREFUL**  
WHERE YOU  
**LEAD ME, MY**  
**FRIEND! SEE...**  
**I HAVE CUT**  
**MY HAND! IT'S**  
**BLEEDING!**



EH? WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?  
STOP **BARKING**  
LIKE THAT...!  
**GROWLING!**

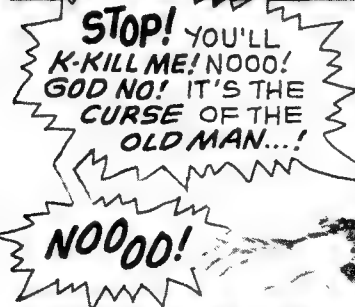
**ARF!**  
**ARF!**  
**ROWWWL!**



**WAIT! DON'T**  
**LICK MY BLOOD!**  
**I DON'T LIKE IT!**

**OW!** YOU'RE  
**HURTING ME!**

**STOP**  
**BITING,**  
**YOU**  
**DAMNED**  
**BEAST!**



**STOP!** YOU'LL  
**K-KILL ME! NOOO!**  
**GOD NO! IT'S THE**  
**CURSE OF THE**  
**OLD MAN...!**

**NOOOO!**



**NOOOOO!**



**NOOO!**

IT'S CALLED **DIVINE PUNISHMENT... JUSTICE! IRONY!**  
THE BLIND BOY COULD NOT  
SEE THAT HIS "DOG" WAS  
A **WOLF...** TAMED, TRAINED  
BY THE MAN WHO HAD  
SOLD HIM TO THE BOY... FOR  
**ONE GOLD PIECE!**

THE WOLF HAD BEEN A  
MEMBER OF A PACK THAT  
HAD **DEVoured** A **BLIND**  
**MAN** AGES AGO... A BLIND  
MAN **DESERTED** BY HIS  
GUIDE!



THE KEEN, TANGY  
TASTE OF THE BOY'S  
**BLOOD** REVIVED THE  
**KILLER INSTINCTS**  
IN THE ANIMAL...

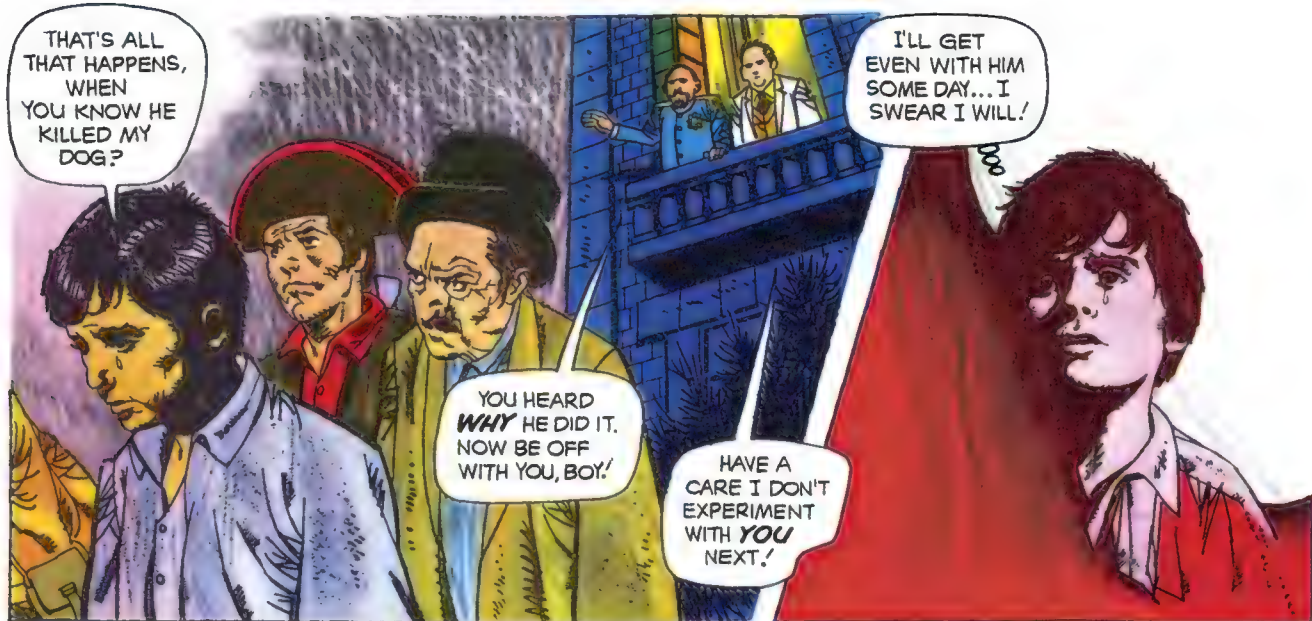
... AND, IN THE END,  
THE OLD MAN'S CURSE  
HAD COME **TRUE!**



# THE POWER AND THE GORY!

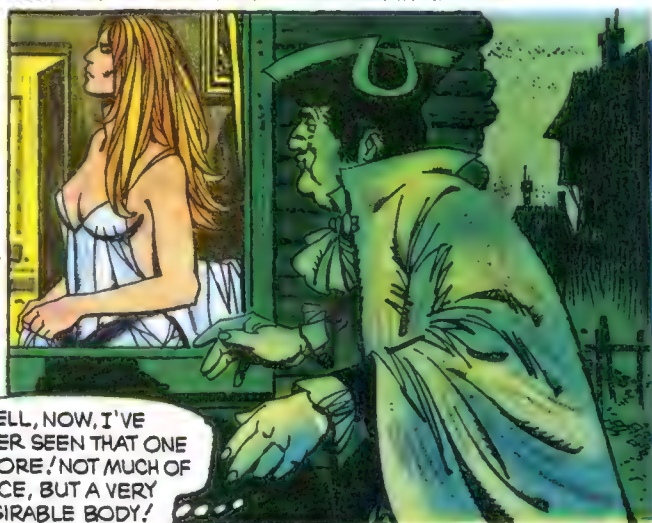




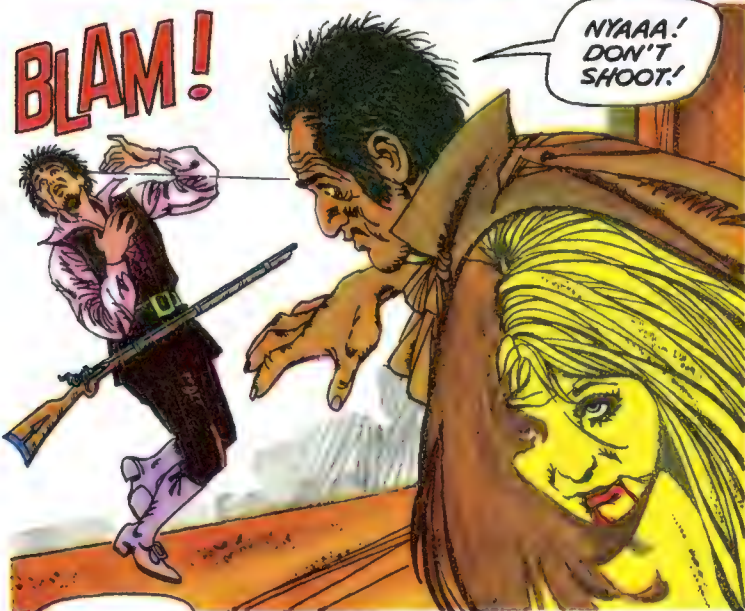


LADY PHYLLIS STRANG, LIKE HER HUSBAND, COULD SEE NO WRONG IN HER SON'S PSYCHOTIC BEHAVIOR...

THE GROWING RAGE AND MUTTERED THREATS OF THE COLONISTS DID NOTHING TO CHANGE YOUNG MURDOCK STRANG. HE GREW MORE DEGENERATE EACH DAY...



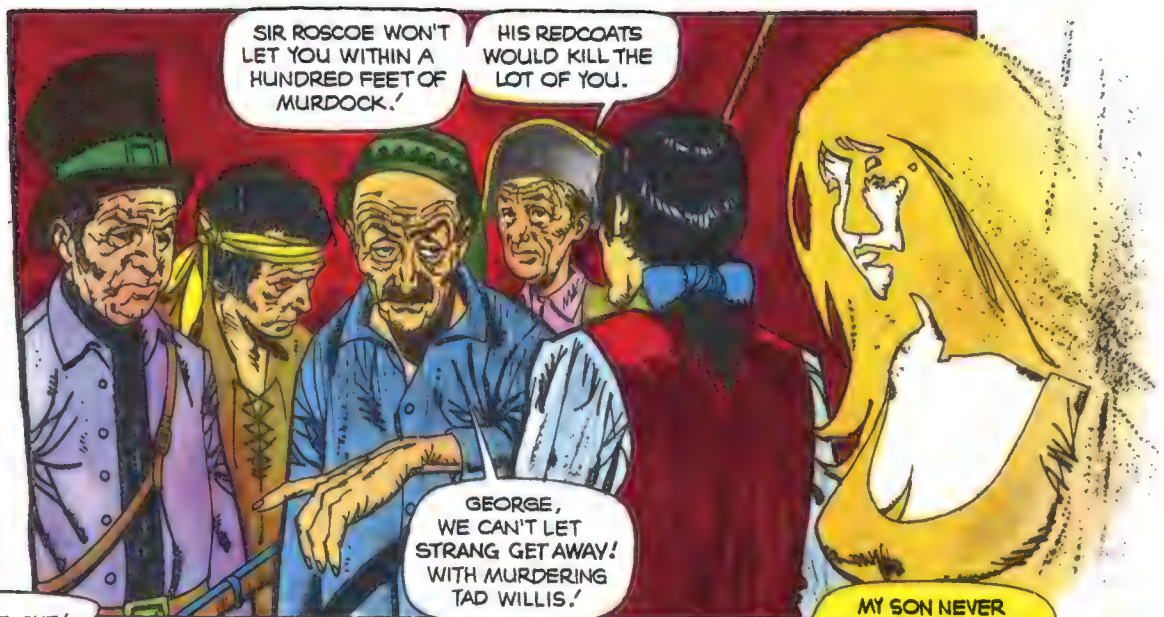




THE PEOPLE'S FURY REACHED FEVER PITCH. MEN ARMED THEMSELVES AND STARTED TO MARCH ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, BUT CONSTABLE GEORGE FRANKLIN INTERCEPTED THEM...







SIR ROSCOE WON'T LET YOU WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF MURDOCK.'

HIS REDCOATS WOULD KILL THE LOT OF YOU.

GEORGE, WE CAN'T LET STRANG GET AWAY! WITH MURDERING TAD WILLIS.'

HEAR ME OUT! YOU START SHOOTING, AND SIR ROSCOE WILL TURN **CANNON** AGAINST YOU. THE SURVIVORS WOULD **HANG**.

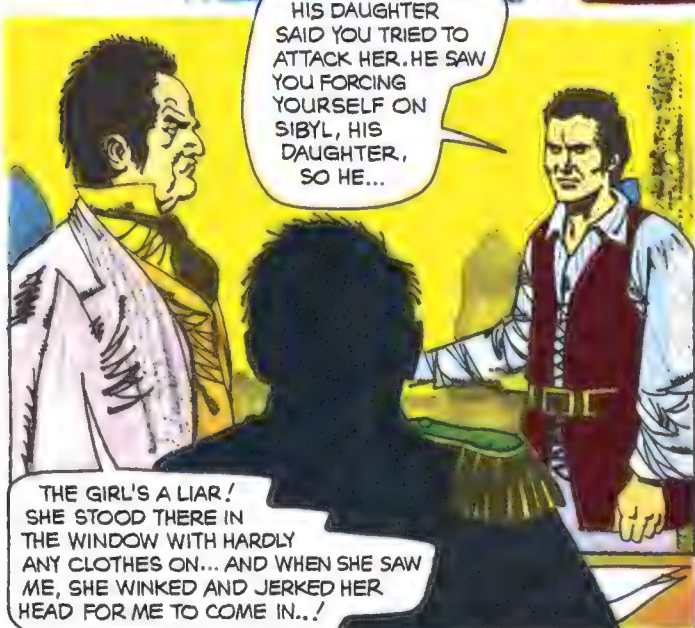
MURDOCK WOULD ENJOY THAT! LET ME TALK TO THE GOVERNOR THIS ONE LAST TIME..!

THEY KNEW THE CONSTABLE WAS RIGHT. RELUCTANTLY THEY STARTED BACK TO THEIR HOMES, WHILE FRANKLIN WENT AT ONCE TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION...

MY SON NEVER FIRED THE SHOT THAT KILLED WILLIS--IT WAS ONE OF MY TROOPS...

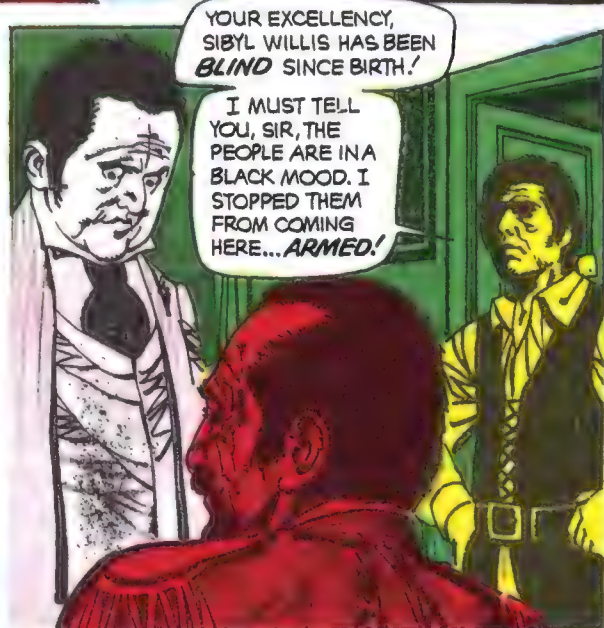


IT WAS THAT OLD FOOL'S LIFE OR MINE!



HIS DAUGHTER SAID YOU TRIED TO ATTACK HER. HE SAW YOU FORCING YOURSELF ON SIBYL, HIS DAUGHTER, SO HE...

THE GIRL'S A LIAR! SHE STOOD THERE IN THE WINDOW WITH HARDLY ANY CLOTHES ON... AND WHEN SHE SAW ME, SHE WINKED AND JERKED HER HEAD FOR ME TO COME IN..!



YOUR EXCELLENCY, SIBYL WILLIS HAS BEEN **BLIND** SINCE BIRTH!

I MUST TELL YOU, SIR, THE PEOPLE ARE IN A BLACK MOOD. I STOPPED THEM FROM COMING HERE... **ARMED!**





I TOLD THEM  
YOU'D DO SOMETHING  
TO STOP MURDOCK.  
THEY WON'T STAND  
FOR ANY MORE...

HE'S  
THREATENING  
YOU, FATHER! HE'S  
LIKE THE REST OF  
THOSE WEAK-  
MINDED  
PEASANTS!

THERE WAS MUCH GROWLING  
AND GRUMBING WHEN  
FRANKLIN REPORTED THE  
GOVERNOR'S PROMISE...



VERY WELL. NEXT  
TIME **ANY** MALEFACTOR  
COMMITS SOME  
OFFENSE, HE'LL BE  
PUNISHED...

BUT **I** ALONE WILL  
DECIDE WHAT THAT  
PUNISHMENT WILL  
BE!



SURE HE'LL DECIDE  
ON THE PUNISHMENT. IF  
ONE OF US DOES WRONG,  
IT'LL MEAN THE GALLOWS...  
AND HE'LL SLAP HIS SON'S  
HAND FOR THE SAME  
OFFENSE!

I THINK NOT.  
I WARNED HIM  
OF YOUR  
MOOD!

ALL RIGHT,  
CONSTABLE, WE'LL  
SEE. BUT ONE MORE  
FOUL ACT BY MURDOCK  
STRANG THAT GOES  
UNPUNISHED, WE'LL  
STORM THE PALACE!



BUT MURDOCK, SEETHING WITH  
HATRED FOR THE COLONISTS,  
WOULD NOT BE STOPPED. HE  
CARRIED ON IN A FRIGHTFUL  
DISGUISE...

HE NEVER STRUCK TWO NIGHTS  
IN A ROW OR NEAR THE SAME  
PLACE...



UHRRR!  
UHRRR!

HELP...  
SOMEBODY HELP  
ME... FOR GOD'S  
SAKE!

N-NO...  
PLEASE DON'T...  
DON'T...!

YAHAAHAHAHA!

AGHHHH!



THE "MONSTER'S" CLUBBING VICTIM LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE HIS ATTACKER...

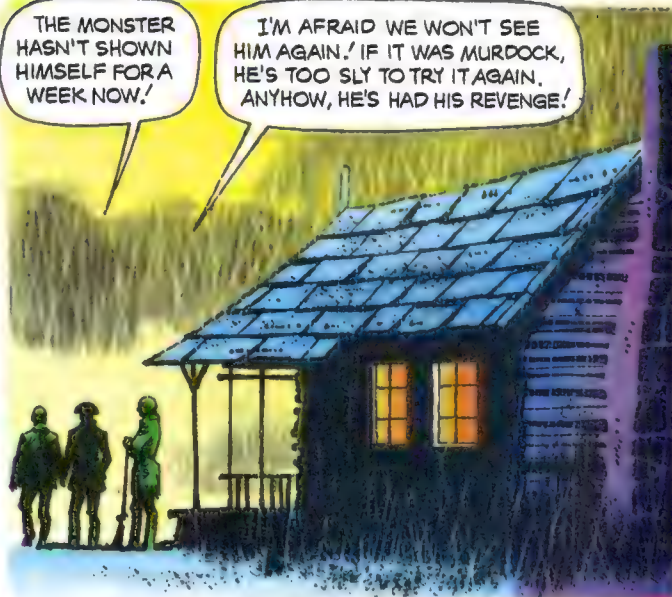


I AGREE. I THINK MURDOCK IS OUR MAN -- BUT WE NEED PROOF!

THAT FIEND IS CLEVER. I'M SURE HE MADE HIMSELF UP AS A MONSTER!

THE MONSTER HASN'T SHOWN HIMSELF FOR A WEEK NOW!

I'M AFRAID WE WON'T SEE HIM AGAIN! IF IT WAS MURDOCK, HE'S TOO SLY TO TRY IT AGAIN. ANYHOW, HE'S HAD HIS REVENGE!



MURDOCK STRANG LET ANOTHER WEEK PASS BEFORE HE MADE HIS NEXT MOVE. ANNE FRANKLIN, THE CONSTABLE'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, VISITED WITH A FRIEND LATE ONE AFTERNOON...



MY BROTHER SHOULD BE HOME ANY MINUTE, ANNE... HE'LL SEE YOU HOME!

FATHER WILL BE FURIOUS, NELL. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS SO LATE... I MUST HURRY!

AS ANNE FOLLOWED A PATH NEAR A WOOD...



I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS NIGHT FOR A LONG TIME!

THIS IS MY REVENGE... REVENGE!







CONSTABLE GEORGE FRANKLIN FELT A DEEP COLD DREAD OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS DAUGHTER--A FEAR SHARED BY THOSE WHO HELPED HIM SEARCH FOR HER. A FEAR CONFIRMED BY THE DISCOVERY OF TWO CLUES...

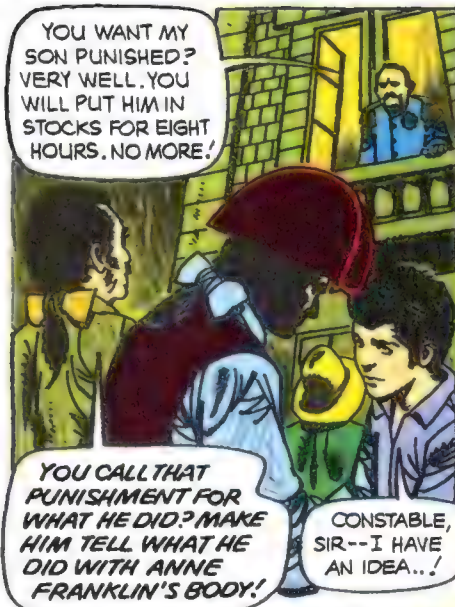
GEORGE...I'VE FOUND A BRASS BUTTON! YOUNG STRANG HAS A COAT WITH BUTTONS LIKE THIS!



THAT NIGHT CONSTABLE FRANKLIN LED THE LYNCH-HUNGRY MOB THAT MARCHED ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...







YOU WANT MY SON PUNISHED? VERY WELL. YOU WILL PUT HIM IN STOCKS FOR EIGHT HOURS. NO MORE!

YOU CALL THAT PUNISHMENT FOR WHAT HE DID? MAKE HIM TELL WHAT HE DID WITH ANNE FRANKLIN'S BODY!

CONSTABLE, SIR--I HAVE AN IDEA...



THE CONSTABLE LISTENED TO ALF ROLLINS. THEN HE SMILED SORROWFULLY...

SHE WAS *MY* DAUGHTER. I... I LOVED HER DEARLY. BUT WE'LL CARRY OUT THE PUNISHMENT SIR ROSCOE HAS ORDERED!



SIR ROSCOE GLOATED OVER HIS CLEVERNESS: HE HAD GIVEN THE COLONISTS THE JUSTICE THEY DEMANDED, WHILE PROTECTING HIS SON! BUT LATER...

WELL, WHERE IS MY SON? REMEMBER, EIGHT HOURS AT MOST!

MURDOCK IN IN THE STOCK, AS YOU ORDERED. OVER THERE. YOU DIDN'T SAY WHERE THE STOCK WAS TO BE, SIR!



MY MURDOCK... AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POND? THAT'S COLDBLOODED MURDER! BRING HIM UP!

DO AS THE GOVERNOR ORDERS! HE'S PARDONING HIS SON!



HE'S JUST BEEN DOWN THERE A HALF-HOUR, YOUR EXCELLENCY. NO HARM WILL COME TO HIM--AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TRY TO BREATHE!

HURRY! GET HIM OUT OF THERE! FASTER! FASTER!



MUR... DOCK! GAAAGH...

M-MY GOD... THAT'S WHERE HE HID MY ANNE'S BODY!!

A LITTLE ADVICE FROM *VAMPI*, GRUE-GOBBLE! LITTLE GOONS ANY TIME YOU THINK OF INVESTING IN *STOCKS* AND *PONDS*, JUST REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO MURDOCK AND ANNE!



# PROLOGUE

THE SOOT-GRIMY CITY OF LONDON IN THE EARLY 1900S HOLDS MANY **THINGS** FOR MANY **PEOPLE**...

... **MURDER** IS ONE OF THEM...

I TELL YOU, THE SIGHT OF 'IM IS 'ORRIBLE -- JUST 'ORRIBLE!

IT HOLDS **NEIGHBORHOODS** WITHIN ITS COBBLED AND GRANITE GRASP...

...**NONE** OF THEM MORE **SQUALID** OR **SEAMY** THAN THE EAST-END SECTOR KNOWN AS **SHEPHERD'S BUSH**...

JUST HAVIN' THE OLD BEGGAR SIT DOWN TO **TEA** WITH US GIVES ME MORE **WILLIES** THAN ME TOES FINDIN' A **SPIDER** IN ME **SHOE**!

AND **WITHIN** NEIGHBORHOODS SUCH AS **SHEPHERD'S BUSH**, DREARY LONDON HOLDS **BUILDINGS**...

...**DECREPIT**, **RAMSHACKLE** BUILDINGS LIKE **AITCHISON'S BOARDING HOUSE**...

WHY, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THE **FIRST THING** ABOUT THE BLEEDIN' CODGER!

I KNOW **ONE** THING ABOUT HIM--HE'S GOT A **FORTUNE** IN THAT ROOM THAT'D MAKE THE **QUEEN** BLUSH WITH ENVY!

WITHIN BUILDINGS SUCH AS THIS SHABBY BOARDING HOUSE, LONDON HOLDS **CONVERSATION**...

...OFTEN IN THE FORM OF CRUEL, ACID-TONGUED **GOSSIP**...

**FORTUNE?** WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING LIVING **HERE** WITH A **FORTUNE**?

HE'S A SKINFINT **MISER**, HE IS! WENT IN TO CLEAN HIS **ROOM** ONE DAY AND CAUGHT HIM COUNTING **PILES** OF MONEY!

**DEEPER** WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE SAGGING AND DILAPIDATED BOARDING HOUSE, LONDON TRAGICALLY HOLDS A LIFE **STEEPED** IN **YEARS**...

...YEARS WHOSE ONLY FUNCTION HAS BEEN TO FORGE THIS ANCIENT LIFE INTO THE **OBJECT** OF SMUG GOSSIP...

SITS IN HIS DINGY ROOM ALL DAY AND **STITCHES CLOTHES** FOR MONEY HE'LL NEVER **SPEND**!

AND BEARING THE **INSIDES** OF THIS ANCIENT TAILOR'S LIFE, LONDON HOLDS ONLY A PROFOUND AND ABIDING **SORROW**...

...A SORROW EVIDENT IN A CHEEK-SLIDING **TEAR** WELLING FROM ONE EYE **ONLY**... WHILE THE **OTHER** EYE WEEPS MUCH **MORE**...

I DON'T CARE **WHAT** HE DOES ALL DAY... IT'S HIS 'ORRIBLE **GLASS EYE** THAT GIVES **ME** THE SHIVERS!

**GLASS EYE?** EVIL EYE IS MORE LIKE IT!



DARKNESS BLANKETS  
THE BOARDING HOUSE  
IN **SLEEP...**

SAVE FOR  
ONE WHOSE

TORMENTED MIND  
FINDS **REST** ONLY  
IN **WORK...**

I WAS ONLY  
THINKING OF **THEM**  
WHEN I GOT THE  
GLASS EYE...

WOULD THEY HAVE  
LIKED ME **BETTER**  
WITH **NO EYE AT ALL?**

... AND ONE **OTHER**, WHOSE  
INTENDED WORK WILL LEAD TO  
A **LIFETIME** OF REST...

CAN'T **STAND**  
LIVING IN THIS RUN-DOWN  
HOUSE A **DAY** LONGER...!

BESIDES, **HE**  
WON'T SPEND IT...A  
**MISER**, AND READY  
TO **DIE** ANY MOMENT  
ANYWAY!

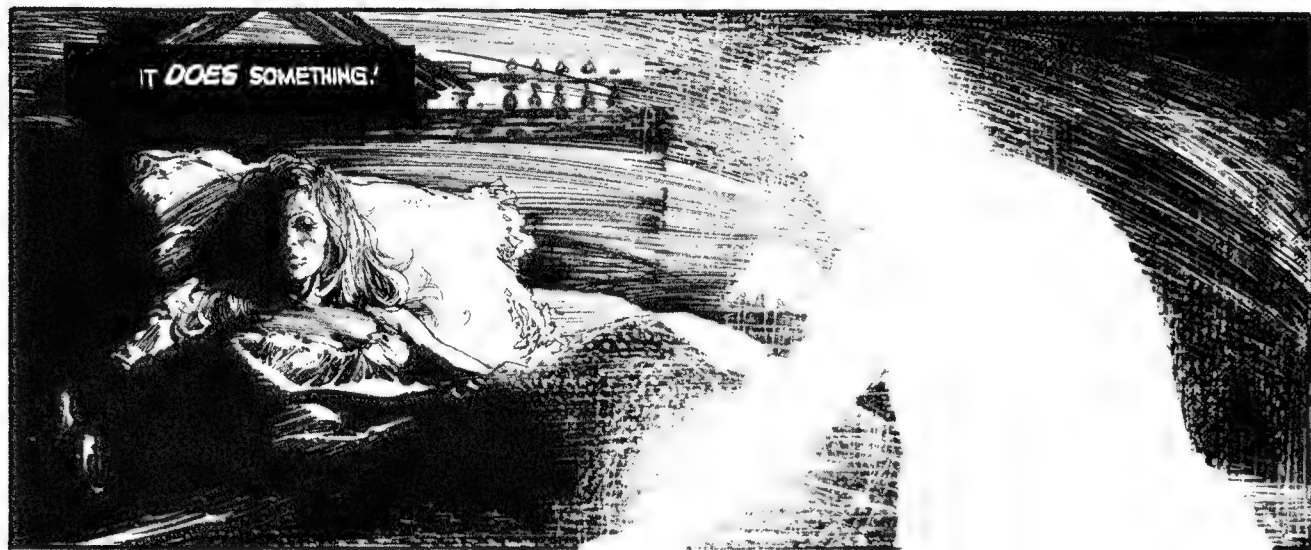
I'LL JUST BRING  
THAT MOMENT A LITTLE  
**CLOSER...**

...TO **MY**  
**BENEFIT!**

UHHH!

WELCOME, FRIGHT-SIGHTS,  
TO **THIS** VISION OF HORROR! FEAST  
YOUR **GORE-ORBS** ON THIS TALE OF A  
YOUNG WOMAN WHO THINKS SHE'S GOT  
EVERYTHING ALL **SEWN-UP...** BUT LISTEN  
ALONG WITH HER AS SHE HEARS THE  
OLD BOY WHISPER...

# EYE DON'T WANT TO DIE!





THEN, SO SWIFTLY AS TO **DEFY**  
ITS FORMER PRESENCE, IT IS  
**GONE...**

NOBODY WILL GO **NEAR**  
THE OLD TAILOR'S ROOM  
FOR **DAYS...**

... **LONG** AFTER I'VE USED  
HIS MONEY-BAG TO BOOK  
PASSAGE TO THE FABLED  
**GREENER PASTURES.**

**DANCE-HALLS** AND  
**FANCY MANSIONS**  
FROM NOW ON...  
...AND NO MORE  
**GLASS EYES!**

WHAT WAS  
**THAT--?**

**THOCK**

**NO--!**

FEAR BEGINS **BRIGHT** AND **GLISTENING**, A FEAR THE GIRL DOES NOT **BELIEVE** BUT CANNOT **REFUSE**...

GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS CURSED HOUSE... GET AWAY...

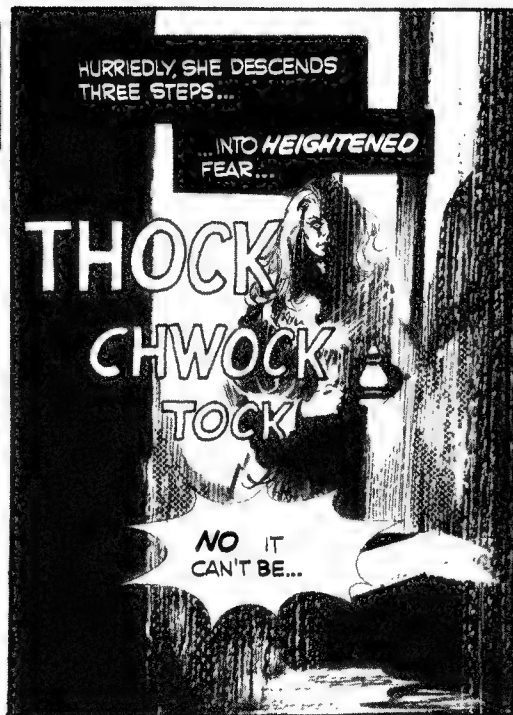


HURRIEDLY, SHE DESCENDS THREE STEPS...

... INTO HEIGHTENED FEAR...

THOCK  
CHWOCK  
TOCK

NO IT CAN'T BE...



... FOLLOWING ME!  
IT'S FOLLOWING ME--!



THE **ABSURDITY** OF THE SITUATION **BRAKES** HER FRANTIC DASH FROM THE BOARDING HOUSE... SHE CONSIDERS THE **IMPOSSIBILITY** OF IT ALL... AND LOOKS GROUNDWARD TO **CONFIRM** THAT IMPOSSIBILITY...

SHE DOES NOT **LIKE** WHAT SHE SEES...

AGAIN! IT'S STILL THERE! FOLLOWING ME... **STARING** AT ME... **ACCUSING** ME!

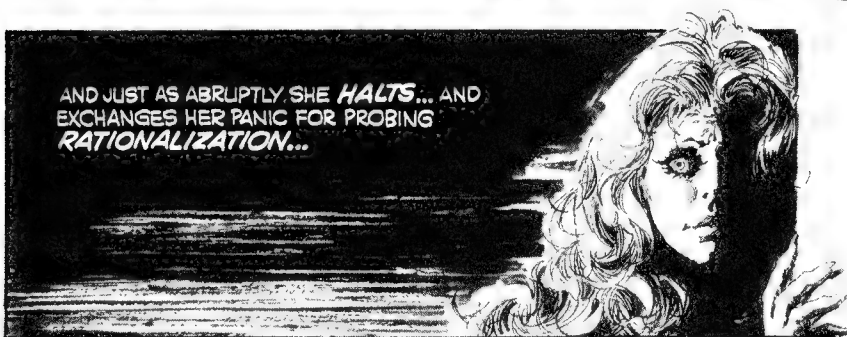


SHE **BOLTS**, THE MADNESS OF **TERROR** COLORING HER MIND IN VIVID HUES OF **PANIC**...



AND JUST AS ABRUPTLY SHE **HALTS**... AND EXCHANGES HER PANIC FOR PROBING **RATIONALIZATION**...

CAN'T BE REAL!  
MY IMAGINATION...  
**GUILT**...







GOT TO **CALM DOWN**--**REFUSE** TO LOOK DOWN AGAIN...

THE EFFORT TO FORGET THE GLARING, MALEVOLENT, **EVIL** GLASS EYE IS GREAT... AND **BECAUSE** IT IS AN EFFORT, SHE IS CONSTANTLY **REMIND**ED OF IT...

GOT TO **STEADY** MY **NERVES**... THAT **PUB**...



A PINT OF **BITTER**, PLEASE.

BUT MADAM, IT'S HIGHLY UNUSUAL FOR A **WOMAN** TO...

I SAID A PINT OF **BITTER** AND **QUICKLY**, MAN!

SHE SEATS HERSELF AT THE OAKEN TABLE, **RELAXING** QUIVERING LEGS...

...LEGS WHICH INVOLUNTARILY **STIFFEN** AS HER EYES CHANCE TO GAZE UPON THE PUB'S **FLOOR**...

**NO...!**  
OH MY **GOD**  
...**NO!**

REVULSION WAS ONCE AN OLD MAN WITH AN **EYE** THAT COULD NOT **SEE**, BUT DID NOT **CLOSE**...

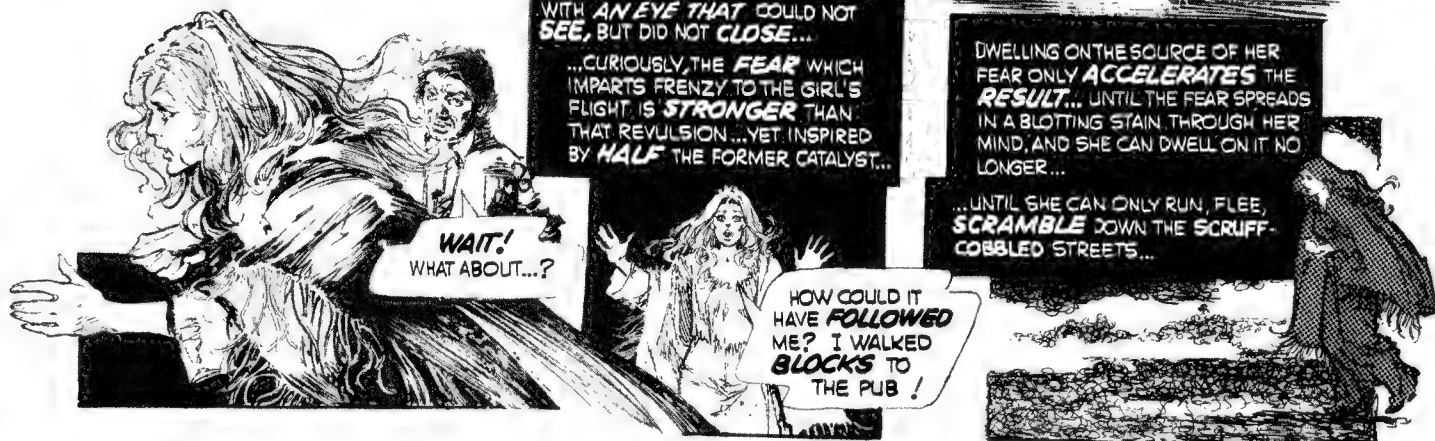
...CURIOUSLY, THE **FEAR** WHICH IMPARTS FRENZY TO THE GIRL'S FLIGHT, IS **STRONGER** THAN THAT REVULSION...YET INSPIRED BY **HALF** THE FORMER CATALYST...

DWELLING ON THE SOURCE OF HER FEAR ONLY **ACCELERATES** THE **RESULT**... UNTIL THE FEAR SPREADS IN A BLOTTING STAIN THROUGH HER MIND, AND SHE CAN DWELL ON IT NO LONGER...

...UNTIL SHE CAN ONLY RUN, FLEE, **SCRAMBLE** DOWN THE **SCRUFF**-COBBLED STREETS...

**WAIT!**  
WHAT ABOUT...?

HOW COULD IT HAVE **FOLLOWED** ME? I WALKED **BLOCKS** TO THE **PUB**!



HER BREATH IS **STOLEN** FROM THE WIND  
IN RAGGED, WHEEZING GASPS WHILE HER  
MIND **SHIMMERS** WITH KALEIDOSCOPIC  
FIELDS OF EYES, STARING, **GLARING** EYES...

...ALL OF THEM, GLEAMING, WET, LARGE AND  
SINISTERLY **KNOWING**, STARING AND  
GLARING AT **HER**, LEERING...

HER LEGS **PUMP** THROUGH AIR  
SEEMINGLY CONGEALED TO THE  
CONSISTENCY OF MUD...

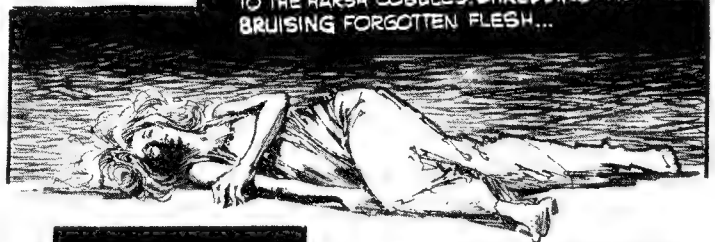


SHE SEES EYES WHICH SEE **HER** AND  
**BEYOND** INTO THE HIDDEN DEPTHS OF  
HER VILE DEED... AND THEY **KNOW**...

...AND THEY **ACCUSE**...

SHE RUNS UNTIL SHE CAN RUN **NO MORE** AND  
**STILL** SHE RUNS, URGING MUSCLES WHICH DO  
NOT RESPOND, **FORCING** THEM TO RUN IF ONLY  
IN HER MIND...

HER CHEST **THUNDERS** PAIN AND SHE  
KNOWS IT IS HER HEART AS SHE **CRUMPLES**  
TO THE HARSH COBBLES, **SHREDDING** AND  
BRUISING FORGOTTEN FLESH...



HER EYES DIM AND **THROB** WITH EACH  
SPASMOTIC FLUTTER OF HER PROTESTING  
HEART...

...BUT NEVERTHELESS THEY **SEE**... THEY  
SEE A GLASS, IRIS-PAINTED SPHERE  
WHICH HAS SEEN **MORE** THAN HER...

AND HER HEART PROTESTS...  
NO MORE.

HER EYES NO LONGER **SEE**... HER  
LEGS NO LONGER **RUN**... AND HER  
MIND NO LONGER SHIMMERS  
WITH THE BRIGHT HUM OF **TERROR**...

HER EYES NO LONGER **SEE**  
THE MALEVOLENTLY ACCUSING  
GLASS EYE... OR THE **THREAD**  
TIED **AROUND** IT...

...THREAD WHICH LEADS TO THE  
**HEM** OF HER **DRESS**... AND  
IS **STITCHED** THERETO WITH  
THE ELABORATE EMBROIDERY  
OF A MASTER **TAILOR**.





## PROLOGUE

THIS IS **MY** WORLD!



IT IS A WORLD OF **FORMS**,  
**COLORS**, **SOUNDS** AND  
**SMELLS**! BUT IT IS A  
WORLD THAT **DOES NOT**  
LIMIT ME TO **FIVE**  
**SENSES** ALONE...

HERE I HAVE DISCOVERED NEW **SENSATIONS**...NEW  
**HORIZONS**...NEW **SENSES**! AS A **MAN**, I WAS  
**LIMITED**! MY WORLD INCLUDED ONLY THOSE THINGS  
I COULD TOUCH, SEE, SMELL, HEAR OR TASTE! I WAS  
**IMPRISONED** IN A WORLD **CONFINED** BY MY OWN  
**GOD-GIVEN SENSES**! HERE... **NOW**... I HAVE **NO**  
**LIMITATIONS**! MY WORLD IS **ENDLESS**...IT IS **TIME-**  
**LESS**...IT IS WITHOUT **RESTRICTIONS**...



... IT IS MY OWN PERSONAL **HEAVEN**!

**YET** IN A WAY, I AM STILL **LIMITED**! FOR EVEN  
THOUGH I HAVE EXPANDED MY **WORLD**...  
EXPANDED MY **KNOWLEDGE**... EVEN THOUGH  
THE SECRETS OF THE **UNIVERSE** ARE **MINE**...



... I AM **LIMITED** TO **YOUR LANGUAGE**...  
MERE WORDS IN **DESCRIBING** IT!

HOW CAN **LANGUAGE**... **WORDS** CREATED  
BY MERE **MEN**... **MEN** WHO HAVE NEVER  
VENTURED BEYOND THEIR **FIVE SENSES**...  
DESCRIBE WHAT IT IS **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR  
**MEN** TO **EXPERIENCE**? WHAT **WORDS**  
CAN I USE TO TELL YOU OF MY WORLD...

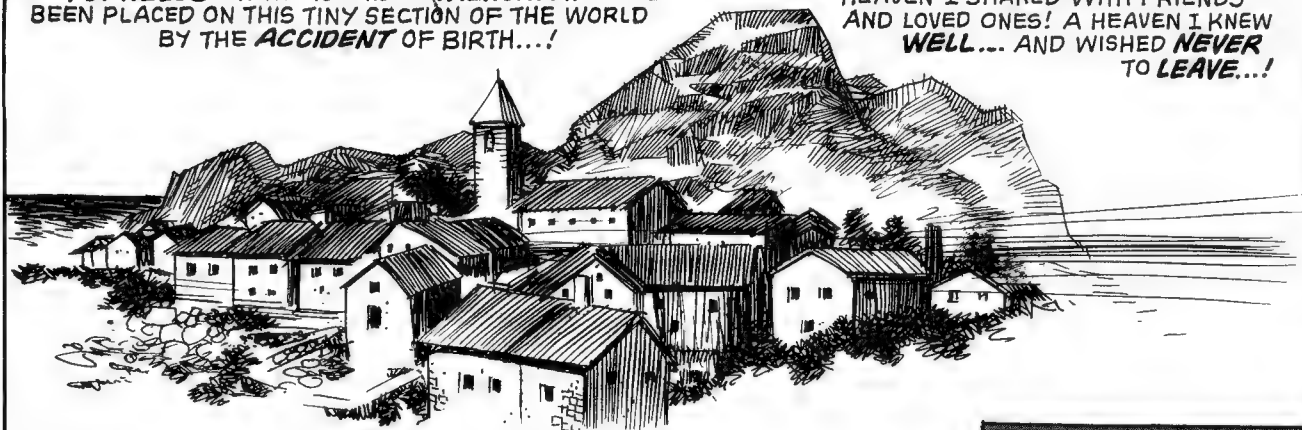


... TO TELL YOU IN A WAY  
YOU WILL **UNDERSTAND**?

I WANT TO **SHARE** MY **HEAVEN** WITH YOU! BUT IT  
IS LIKE A **MUTE** TRYING TO DESCRIBE THE BEAUTY  
OF A SUNSET TO A **BLIND MAN**! AND YET...IT WASN'T  
SO VERY LONG AGO THAT I WAS A **BLIND MAN**!  
JUST AS YOU ARE NOW LIMITED TO YOUR WORLD OF  
**DARKNESS** AND **IGNORANCE**...SO WAS I!

**MY WORLD THEN** WAS THE SMALL FISHING VILLAGE OF **FORNELLS** ON THE ISLAND OF **MENORCA**! I HAD BEEN PLACED ON THIS TINY SECTION OF THE WORLD BY THE **ACCIDENT OF BIRTH...**!

**THIS** WAS MY **HEAVEN** THEN! A HEAVEN I SHARED WITH FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES! A HEAVEN I KNEW **WELL...** AND WISHED **NEVER** TO **LEAVE...**!



I HAD A **NAME** BACK THEN! I WAS KNOWN SIMPLY AS **THOMAS THE FISHERMAN**! I KNEW **LITTLE** OF ANYTHING BUT **THE SEA**!

**THE SEA** IS HOW I EARNED MY LIVING!

LIFE WAS **GOOD**! LIFE WAS **SIMPLE**!

I WAS **IGNORANT** OF THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE WORLD... BUT I WAS **HAPPY** THEN! EVEN AS I AM **NOW**!

IN SHORT, I WAS A **SIMPLE** MAN... HAPPILY WALLOWING IN MY **NAIVETE**!



I WOULD HAVE LIVED MY LIFE AS **MY FATHER** HAD LIVED **HIS**... AS **HIS FATHER** BEFORE HIM... AS A MAN OF **THE SEA**!

I WOULD HAVE DIED QUIETLY IN MY BED... AND MY SWEET WIFE WOULD HAVE LAID MY BODY TO REST IN THE GROUNDS BESIDE THE **CHAPEL**...

**WOULD HAVE...**



...HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE DAY I SPOTTED THE **CREATURE LYING** ON THE **BEACH**!

THAT IS THE DAY MY WORLD **CHANGED...**

MADRE MIOS! WHAT MANNER OF **MONSTROSITY** IS THIS? I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING **LIKE IT**!







EVER STOP TO **CONSIDER** THAT MAYBE THERE'S **MORE** TO LIFE THAN JUST YOUR SMALL CORNER OF THE WORLD? IF WE HAVE ANY **DOUBTING THOMASES** OUT THERE, THIS LITTLE TALE OUGHT TO MAKE THEM **RE-CONSIDER...**

# The OTHER SIDE of HEAVEN!

THE CREATURE WAS **ALIVE**... THERE WAS **NO DOUBT** ABOUT THAT!

IT **SLITHERED** SLOWLY, GRACEFULLY OVER THE ROCKY BEACH...

IT **DIDN'T** APPEAR **MENACING**... IT LOOKED MORE **COMICAL** THAN THREATENING!

IT RESEMBLED AN **OCTOPUS**, AN OCTOPUS SMOTHERED IN **PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY**!

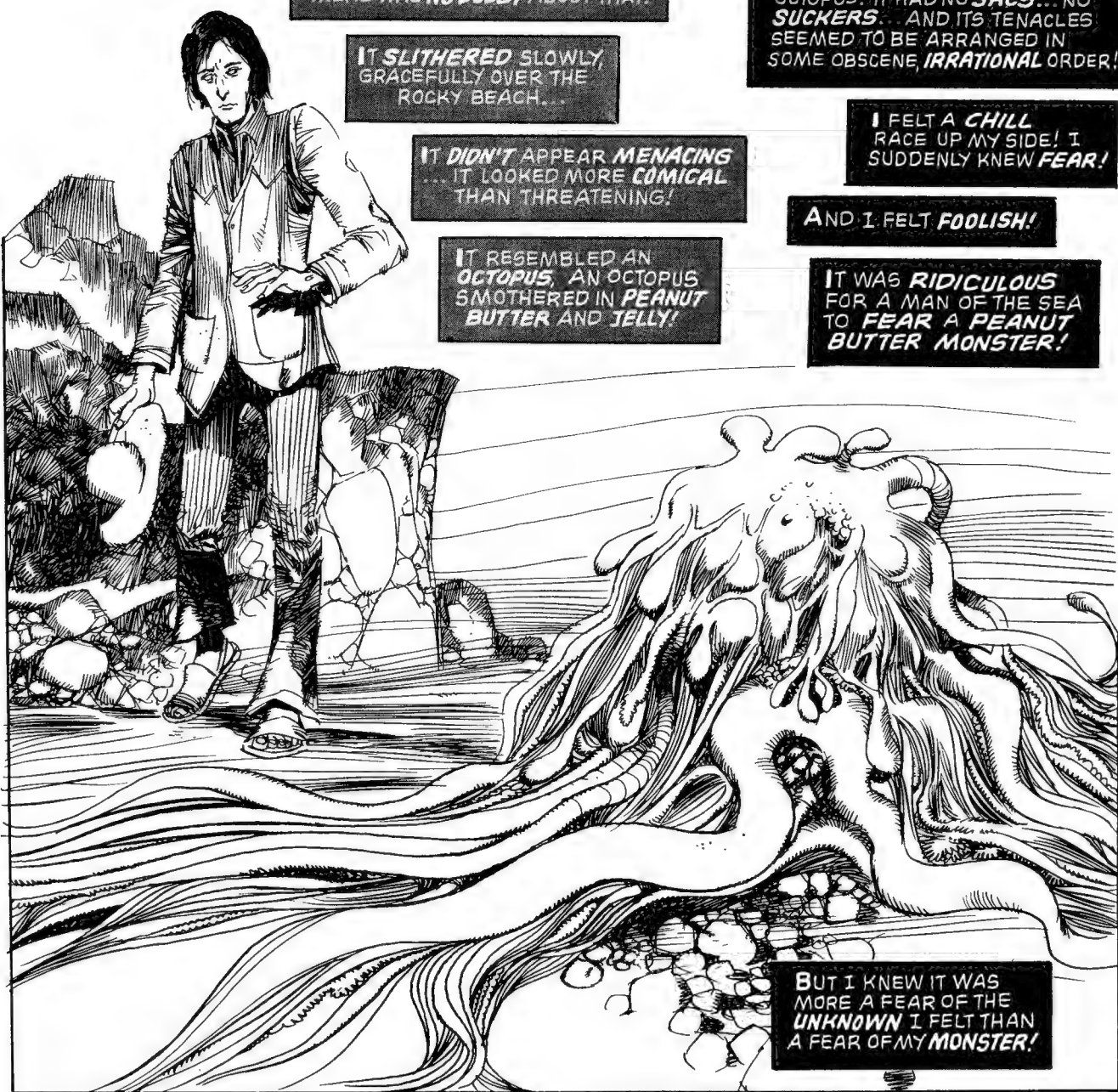
BUT I **KNEW** THIS WAS **NO** OCTOPUS! IT HAD NO **SACS**... NO **SUCKERS**... AND ITS TENACLES SEEMED TO BE ARRANGED IN SOME OBSCURE, **IRRATIONAL** ORDER!

I FELT A **CHILL** RACE UP MY SIDE! I SUDDENLY KNEW **FEAR**!

AND I FELT **FOOLISH**!

IT WAS **RIDICULOUS** FOR A MAN OF THE SEA TO **FEAR** A **PEANUT BUTTER MONSTER**!

BUT I KNEW IT WAS MORE A FEAR OF THE **UNKNOWN** I FELT THAN A FEAR OF MY **MONSTER**!





WHEN THE THING CRAWLED TO ME, I FELT COMPELLED TO **TOUCH** IT...TO **FEEL** IT...TO ASSURE MY **OTHER SENSES** THAT WHAT MY **EYES** SAW WAS **REAL!**

IT **THROBS** WITH **LIFE!** WHAT KIND OF **SEA** CREATURE TAKES SO READY TO **LAND?**

AT MY **TOUCH**, THE CREATURE PULSATED **WILDLY!** I COULD **FEEL** ITS ECTASY AT COMING INTO CONTACT WITH ANOTHER **LIVING BEING!**

IT WAS ODD, BUT I, **TOO**, FELT A BLISSFUL **THRILL** AT THE CREATURE'S **TOUCH!**

IT WAS AS THOUGH THE SIMPLE ACT OF **TOUCHING** HAD ALLOWED US TO **COMMUNICATE!**



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND MANY THINGS, CREATURE! BUT I UNDERSTAND **PLEASURE** AND HAPPINESS WHEN I SEE IT!

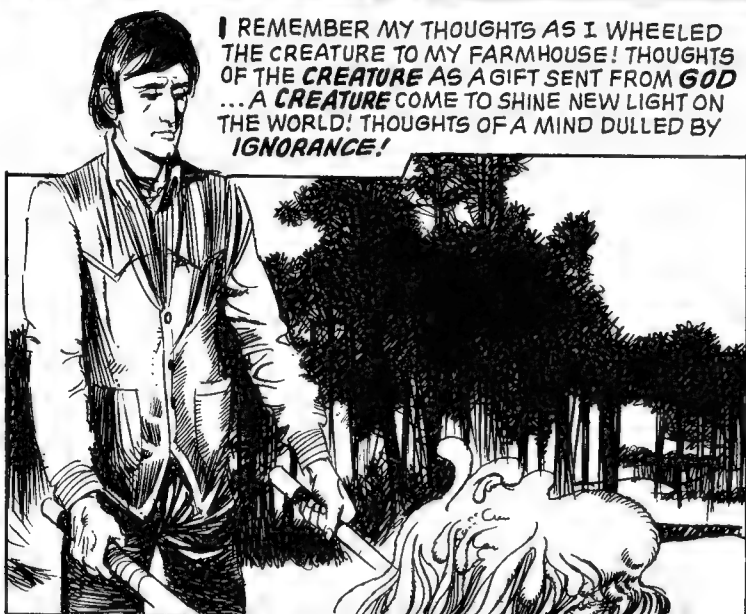
THE MERE **TOUCH** OF YOU HAS GIVEN ME A **PLEASURE** I HAVE NOT FELT SINCE I FIRST LAY WITH MY WIFE!

AND YOU, **TOO**, APPEAR **HAPPY** AT MY **TOUCH!**



IN MY IGNORANCE, I WAS **CONFUSED** BY THE CREATURE... CONFUSED BY MY OWN FEELINGS! BUT I FOLLOWED MY SENSES...AND THEY TOLD ME THAT THE CREATURE WAS **GOOD!**

I MUST **SHARE** THIS CREATURE WITH MY **WIFE**... MY FRIENDS! I'LL GET A **WHEEL-BARROW** AND BRING THIS THING TO MY **HOME!**



I REMEMBER MY THOUGHTS AS I WHEELED THE CREATURE TO MY FARMHOUSE! THOUGHTS OF THE **CREATURE** AS A GIFT SENT FROM **GOD**...A **CREATURE** CAME TO SHINE NEW LIGHT ON THE WORLD! THOUGHTS OF A MIND DULLED BY **IGNORANCE!**





EVEN WHEN MY MIND **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN WORKING FAST AND FURIOUSLY FROM THE EXCITEMENT OF FINDING SUCH A GLORIOUS CREATURE... IT WAS **INCAPABLE!**

I DID NOT QUESTION...!

I DID NOT REASON...

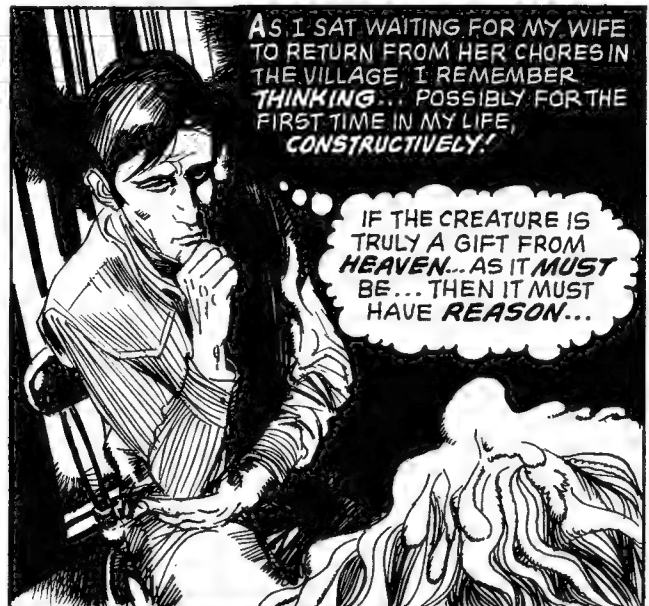
... I SIMPLY WHEELED THE CREATURE TO MY HOME IN **DULLED EXCITEMENT!**

GENTLY I LAID THE **PEANUT BUTTER MONSTER** ONTO MY TABLE! AND AGAIN, THE CREATURE'S **TOUCH** BROUGHT **ECTASY** TO MY BODY...

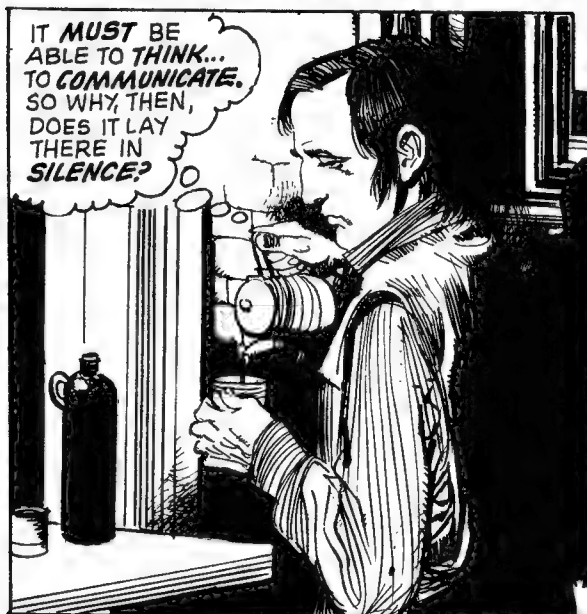


AS I SAT WAITING FOR MY WIFE TO RETURN FROM HER CHORES IN THE VILLAGE, I REMEMBER **THINKING...** POSSIBLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, **CONSTRUCTIVELY!**

IF THE CREATURE IS TRULY A GIFT FROM **HEAVEN...** AS IT **MUST** BE... THEN IT **MUST** HAVE **REASON...**



IT **MUST** BE ABLE TO **THINK...** TO **COMMUNICATE.** SO WHY, THEN, DOES IT LAY THERE IN **SILENCE?**



MY BOWELS NEARLY RELEASED THEMSELVES ON THE SPOT, WHEN A **SOUND CAME FROM THE CREATURE...**

I **HAVE** BEEN **COMMUNICATING** WITH YOU, THOMAS! AND YOU WITH **ME!**

SURELY I THOUGHT ANY **INTELLIGENT** CREATURE WOULD UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF **COMMUNICATION** BY **TOUCH!**

WITH **TOUCH** ALONE, WE HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED A **BOND** BETWEEN US!





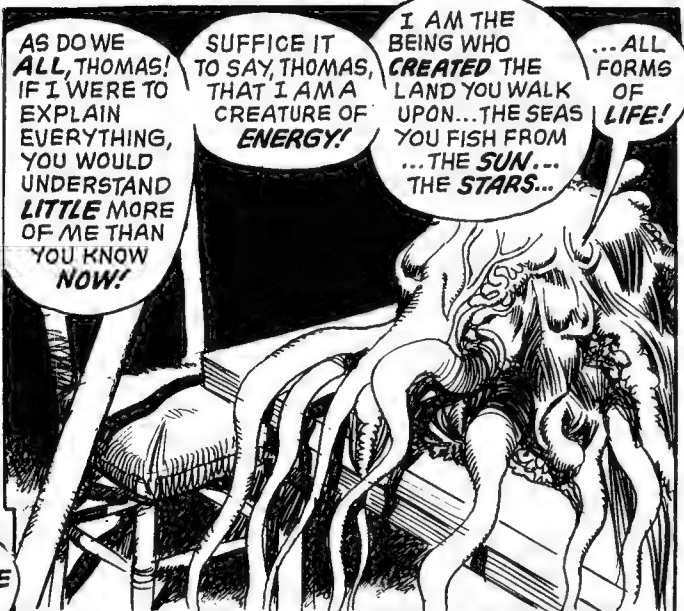
NEEDLESS TO SAY,  
I WAS **AMAZED**...

NOT ONLY THAT  
THE CREATURE  
WAS **SPEAKING**...

...BUT BY **WHAT**  
WAS **SPOKEN**...

TRULY THE **SLIME  
MONSTER** WAS  
MORE INTELLIGENT  
THAN I WOULD  
HAVE DARED  
**GUESS**...

I...I HAVE  
SO MANY  
**QUESTIONS**...



AS DO WE  
**ALL**, THOMAS!  
IF I WERE TO  
EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING,  
YOU WOULD  
UNDERSTAND  
**LITTLE** MORE  
OF ME THAN  
YOU KNOW  
**NOW!**

SUFFICE IT  
TO SAY, THOMAS,  
THAT I AM A  
CREATURE OF  
**ENERGY!**

I AM THE  
BEING WHO  
**CREATED** THE  
LAND YOU WALK  
UPON...THE SEAS  
YOU FISH FROM  
...THE **SUN**...  
THE **STARS**...

...ALL  
FORMS  
OF  
**LIFE!**



IT WAS **I** WHO  
BROUGHT THE  
WORLD INTO  
**BEING**... I WHO  
PEOPLED IT WITH  
INTELLIGENT  
CREATURES TO  
WHOM I HAVE  
GIVEN THE  
GIFT OF  
**REASON**.

I HAVE BEEN  
**CALLED UPON**,  
**PRAYED TO**,  
AND **MOCKED!**

WHEN IN TRUTH,  
I AM A **CREATURE**  
JUST LIKE YOU,  
THOMAS!

YOUR  
PEOPLE  
CALL ME  
THEIR  
**GOD!**

A CREATURE  
EONS AND **EONS**  
OLD... A CREATURE  
WHO HAS TRIED TO  
PUT **BEAUTY** IN-  
TO A DARK AND  
**COLD**  
**UNIVERSE!**

BUT  
**MY TIME**  
IS ALMOST  
**UP**,  
THOMAS!

**NOTHING**  
IN THIS  
UNIVERSE IS  
**IMMORTAL**,  
THOMAS... NOT  
EVEN YOUR  
**GOD!**

ONLY  
THE **LENGTH**  
OF **TIME** WE  
HAVE  
**VARIES!**

IS THERE  
ANYTHING I CAN  
**DO** FOR YOU?

AS **EVERY-  
THING** MUST,  
I WILL SOON  
COME TO AN  
**END!**

I WILL  
SOON  
**DIE!**



NO, THOMAS, THERE **ISN'T**,  
BUT DO NOT BE SAD FOR  
ME, MY SON! MY LIFE HAS  
BEEN **BETTER, FULLER**  
THAN ANY OTHER BEING  
WHO EVER **LIVED!**

BUT PERHAPS  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
I CAN STILL **DO** FOR  
**YOU!**

I DO  
**NOT**  
UNDER-  
STAND.

THE CREATURE...THE **GOD**... THEN SENT ME ON AN  
**ERRAND!** HE TOLD ME TO SEE THE **PHARMACIST** IN  
THE VILLAGE... THAT THERE WERE **MAN-MADE** CON-  
COCTIONS THAT EVEN A GOD-CREATURE COULD FIND **USE**  
FOR! I DID NOT UNDERSTAND... BUT I **WENT!**



MY HEART WAS  
**SAD**, I REMEMBER!  
I HAD EXPECTED  
TO ENCOUNTER  
MY **CREATOR**  
ONLY IN **DEATH**  
... AS MY **PRIEST**  
HAD MANY TIMES  
**PROMISED!**

MY **RELIGIOUS** BELIEFS  
HAD BEEN **SHATTERED**  
BY THE **PEANUT BUTTER**  
**MONSTER** WHO DECLARED  
ITSELF MY **GOD!**



DANIEL, THE OLD TOWN PHARMACIST, WAS MIXING THE SOLUTION I NEEDED AS I ENTERED HIS DRUG STORE. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS IN A **TRANCE**...OBEYING SOME **FAR-OFF COMMAND**...THE COMMAND OF MY **GOD!**



HE NOR I FULLY **UNDERSTOOD**...! BUT HE GAVE ME THE MIXTURE AND WENT ON WITH HIS WORK AS THOUGH **NOTHING** HAD HAPPENED...



WHEN I ARRIVED **HOME**, I NOTICED THAT MY **WIFE** HAD STILL NOT **RETURNED** FROM THE VILLAGE. SHE HAD NEVER STAYED AWAY THIS LATE BEFORE. HAD SHE BEEN **COMMANDED** NOT TO RETURN HOME JUST YET? I DID NOT KNOW! NOR DID I **CARE!** THE CREATURE OCCUPIED MY **FULL ATTENTION!**



YOU HAVE THE **SOLUTION!** POUR IT **OVER** ME, THOMAS, ... AND I WILL EXPLAIN ALL...

THIS SOLUTION IS A **PAIN KILLER**, THOMAS! IT DOES NOTHING TO HALT THE PAINS OF MY SLOW **DEATH!** THAT I MUST ENDURE AS BEST I CAN!

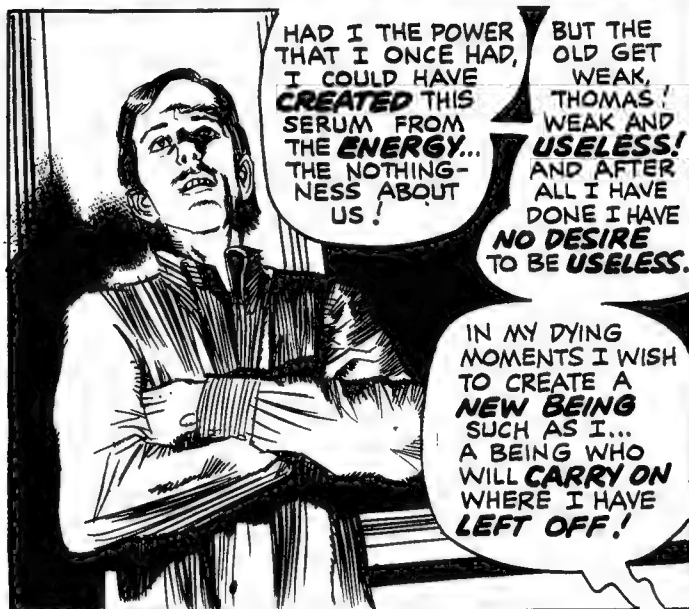
THIS IS A **PAIN KILLER** FOR YOU!



HAD I THE POWER THAT I ONCE HAD, I COULD HAVE **CREATED** THIS SERUM FROM THE **ENERGY**... THE NOTHINGNESS ABOUT US!

BUT THE OLD GET WEAK, THOMAS! WEAK AND **USELESS!** AND AFTER ALL I HAVE DONE I HAVE **NO DESIRE** TO BE **USELESS.**

IN MY DYING MOMENTS I WISH TO CREATE A **NEW BEING** SUCH AS I... A BEING WHO WILL **CARRY ON** WHERE I HAVE **LEFT OFF!**



**THIS** WORLD...AND THE OTHERS LIKE IT, CAN BE LEFT WITH **NO GOD!**

I WISH **YOU** TO BE THAT **GOD**, THOMAS!

BUT IT IS A **PAINFUL** PROCESS! THAT IS WHY I HAVE HAD THIS PAIN KILLER MADE FOR **YOU!**

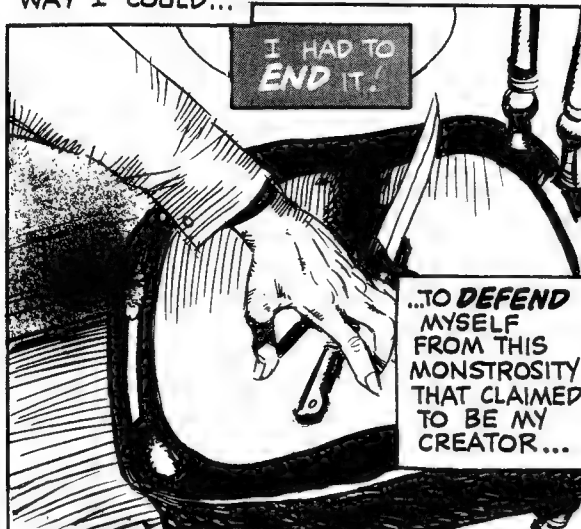
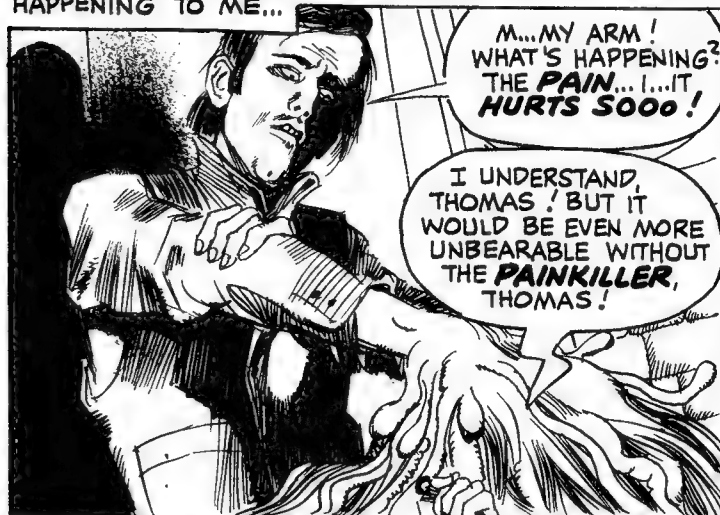
I...IT IS **NOT PLEASANT** TO SEE A **GOD DIE**... TO SEE A **GOD DELIRIOUS**...





IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, MY DULLED MIND DIDN'T FULLY COMPREHEND THAT IT WAS EVEN **REAL**... UNTIL **NOW**! NOW THE PAIN WAS SO GREAT... SO **INSANELY ACUTE**, THAT I KNEW THIS WAS REALLY HAPPENING TO ME...

BUT **PATIENCE** WAS NEVER MY FORTÉ! THE **PAIN** WAS SO GREAT, SO ACUTE, THAT I HAD TO RELIEVE IT, **NOW**... IN ANY WAY I COULD...



BUT IT **DID NOT STOP**! THERE WAS **NO KILLING** THIS ENERGY-BEING! AS IT CRAWLED UP MY ARM, AND SEIZED MY ENTIRE BODY... I REALIZED THERE WAS **NOTHING** I COULD DO...





...**BUT I SUBMITTED!**

THE **WORST**  
IS **OVER**,  
THOMAS!  
SOON WE  
WILL BE  
**ONE**

AND ALL THE  
**PLEASURES**  
I HAVE  
EXPERIENCED  
WILL BE  
**YOURS!**



...**B...BUT MY**  
POOR **WIFE**...  
WHAT WILL  
BECOME OF  
**HER!**

YOU WILL  
CARE FOR  
HER, THOMAS  
...AND SHE  
WILL BE  
RICHER,  
FOR IT!

YOUR WORLD  
WILL **EXPAND!**

YOU WILL COME  
TO KNOW **MUCH**  
**MORE** THAN THIS  
TINY ISLAND!

AND YOU WILL FILL  
THE UNIVERSE WITH  
**BEAUTY**... JUST  
AS I HAVE TRIED  
TO DO!

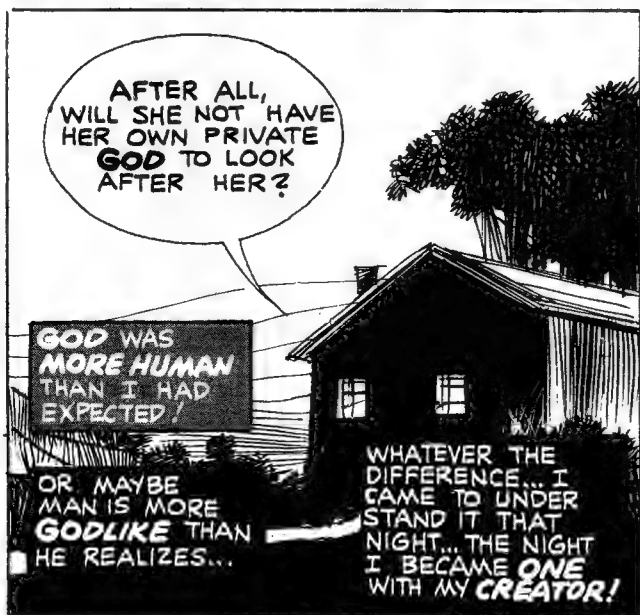


AFTER ALL,  
WILL SHE NOT HAVE  
HER OWN PRIVATE  
**GOD** TO LOOK  
AFTER HER?

**GOD** WAS  
**MORE HUMAN**  
THAN I HAD  
EXPECTED!

OR MAYBE  
MAN IS MORE  
**GODLIKE** THAN  
HE REALIZES...

WHATEVER THE  
DIFFERENCE... I  
CAME TO UNDER  
STAND IT THAT  
NIGHT... THE NIGHT  
I BECAME **ONE**  
WITH MY **CREATOR!**



HE COVERED MY **ARM**, MY **SHOULDERS**... MY **HEAD**  
...AS IF TO **HIDE** MY SENSES OF TOUCH, TASTE,  
SMELL, SIGHT AND HEARING...

...AS IF TO **REPLACE**  
THEM WITH SOME-  
THING FAR **GREATER!**



THAT IS THE NIGHT I **BECAME** WHAT I **AM**  
**TODAY!** THE WORLD I **KNEW**... WAS BORN  
INTO, **RAISED** IN... BECAME LIKE A ONE-  
DIMENSIONAL **BLANK** TO ME! I CAME TO  
NEW **SENSES**... NEW **SENSATIONS!** AND I  
UNDERSTOOD THAT THERE WAS MORE TO  
THIS UNIVERSE THAN THE LITTLE VILLAGE.



THAT IS THE NIGHT I ENTERED MY OWN  
PRIVATE **HEAVEN!**

THE ENERGY CREATURE... MY INTELLIGENT PEANUT-BUTTER MONSTER...  
THE BEING SO MANY HUMANS **RELIGIOUSLY** AND  
**SACRILEGIOUSLY** CALL **GOD**... IS **DEAD**!

HE **DIED** WHILE HE WAS  
SHOWING ME THE **WONDERS**  
OF **HIS** **UNIVERSE**!

BUT **I** INHABIT HIS BODY  
NOW... AND RETAIN A  
SMALL PORTION OF THE  
BODY I WAS BORN  
WITH... THE BODY **HE**  
CREATED FOR ME!

I AM LIKE A BABE  
LEARNING HOW TO  
WALK AGAIN... A  
BABE IN A  
STRANGE NEW  
WORLD OF MY  
OWN DESIGN...

... A PERPETUAL  
**HEAVEN**!

I'VE CREATED A FEW NEW  
PLANETS... A FEW NEW  
FORMS OF LIFE.

NOTHING SPECTACULAR...  
NOTHING ON THE LEVEL  
OF MY PREDECESSOR..!

BUT I'VE GOT A LONG  
WAY TO GO, A LOT OF  
TIME AHEAD OF ME...  
A LOT OF TIME FOR  
**LIVING... LOVING...!**  
AND **LEARNING**!

YEAH / LIKE THEY SAY...  
GOD IS DEAD!  
BUT LONG LIVE  
**GOD!**





IF YOU WERE  
BERNIE KENDALL,  
THERE ARE THREE  
RULES YOU WOULD  
FOLLOW DILIGENTLY!  
**ONE**, IS NOT TO GET  
A WIFE! **TWO**, IS  
NOT TO GET CAUGHT  
WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S  
WIFE! AND **THREE**,  
NOT TO GET CAUGHT  
ON...

# Old TEXAS ROAD



**SURRE, BERNIE!**

ONE OF YOUR MOST  
ENDERING QUALITIES  
IS YOUR TOTAL **LACK**  
OF IMAGINATION.



YOU'RE PLAYING  
IN THE **BIG** TIME  
NOW, BUSTER! SO  
CUT THE SILLY GAME  
AND LET'S HEAD  
**BACK!**

TOO BAD WE CAN'T  
**DISTILL** SOME OF YOUR  
WRY CYNICISM AND PUT  
IT IN THE TANK, KARIN  
BECAUSE WE REALLY  
**ARE** OUT OF GAS!





THERE'S A **STATION**  
ABOUT THREE MILES UP  
THE ROAD AND IT'S  
GETTING LATE, SO THE  
SOONER...

...THE SOONER  
**YOU** GET STARTED,  
THE BETTER. I'M  
WAITING **HERE**.



**WHAT!?**...WHY DARLING!  
DON'T YOU REALIZE YOUR  
BRILLIANT BOY FRIEND RAN  
OUT OF GAS ON **OLD TEXAS**  
**ROAD!** HAVEN AND STOMPING  
GROUND FOR EVERY **AXE**  
**MURDERER, WALKING DEAD,**  
**GHOUL, AND NIGHT**  
**CRAWLER** IN FOUR  
TOWNSHIPS? WHY  
JUST THE **OTHER**  
EVENING...



**STOP IT!!**  
YOU KNOW HOW YOUR  
**MORBID** SENSE OF  
HUMOR FRIGHTENS ME!



OKAY BABE, BUT  
**LOCK** THE DOORS AND  
DON'T OPEN THEM FOR  
**ANYBODY** BUT ME! BE  
ESPECIALLY CAREFUL OF  
ANY GUY WITH **FANGS**  
DOWN TO HIS CHIN OR  
**HAIR** ALL OVER  
HIS BODY.



**BERNIE!!**

**I'M GOING!**  
**I'M GOING!**





THAT *NUT!* HE MAY NOT  
BE SUPERSTITIOUS BUT HE KNOWS  
*I* CAN BE... I WISH HE WOULDN'T  
BAIT ME LIKE THAT. NOTHING'S  
EVER *REALLY* HAPPENED ON  
TEXAS ROAD.



THOSE GHASTLY  
STORIES ARE ONLY  
*RUMORS*, AND I'M  
JUST GOING TO PUT  
THEM *OUT* OF MY  
MIND!



SO TIRED...  
WONDER HOW  
LONG HE'LL BE...



...I COULD  
JUST...



...DROP  
OFF...



...TO  
SLEEP...



**TAP TAP TAP SCRATCH SCRABLE TAP TAP**

...WHA...?  
BERNIE? IS THAT  
YOU?

**TAP TAP SCRAPE SCRATCH TAPTAP SCRABLE**

TH-THERE'S **SOMEONE...**  
SOMETHING OUTSIDE  
...ON THE ROOF!!

WHAT **IS** IT?  
MAYBE I SHOULD  
LOOK...

...AXE  
MURDERERS,  
GHOULS, WALKING  
DEAD! **DON'T  
OPEN THE  
DOORS!!**

AN  
ANIMAL?

**SHOO!!**

**TAP SCRATCH TAP TAP TAP TAP**

**NO!**



TAP TAP TAP SCRATCH TAP TAP SCRABLE

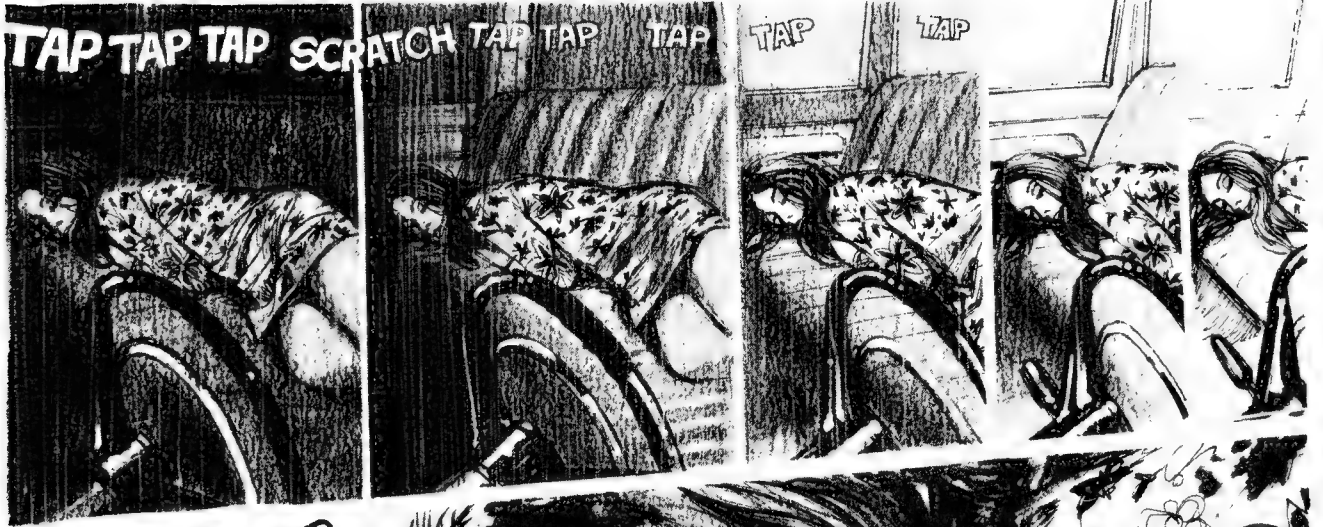


OH GOD...  
WHY DOESN'T  
IT STOP?!

GO  
AWAY!!  
PLEASE,  
PLEASE  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!!!

OH, BERNIE! WHERE  
ARE YOU? I **NEED** you!  
WHY DIDN'T I GO WITH YOU?  
I NEVER REALLY **BELIEVED**  
THIS! OH, LET IT STOP!  
STOP... **STOP...**  
**STOP!!**

OH, BERNIE!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?



RAP RAP  
RAP



OH!



MISS,  
WHO'S CAR  
IS THIS?

HAVEN'T YOU  
BEEN **OUT** OF THE  
CAR SINCE HE LEFT?

IT BELONGS TO  
'MY **BOYFRIEND**,  
BERNIE KENDALL. WE  
RAN OUT OF **GAS**.  
HE'S BEEN **GONE**  
ALL NIGHT.

**NO...** I SLEPT  
SOME, WHEN I  
WOKE, I WAS  
**AFRAID** OF... OF...



**ALRIGHT,**  
MISS, PLEASE  
COME WITH  
US...





BUT **WHATEVER** YOU DO... **DON'T LOOK BACK.**

WELL, FRANK, **WHAT** DO YOU THINK?

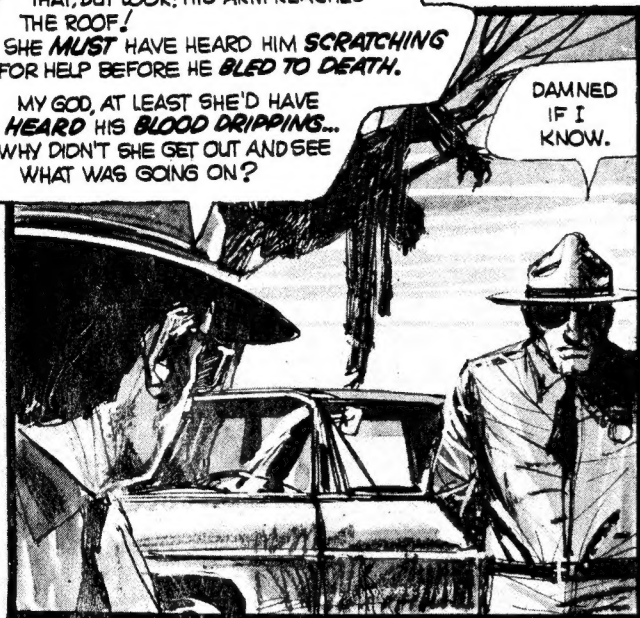
LISTEN, **I KNOW** HE COULDN'T **CRY** OUT WITH HIS THROAT CUT LIKE THAT, BUT LOOK! HIS ARM REACHES THE ROOF!  
SHE **MUST** HAVE HEARD HIM **SCRATCHING** FOR HELP BEFORE HE **BLED TO DEATH.**

MY GOD, AT LEAST SHE'D HAVE **HEARD** HIS **BLOOD DRIPPING...** WHY DIDN'T SHE GET OUT AND SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON?

DAMNED IF I KNOW.



IT'S HER **BOYFRIEND, OK.** SHE COULDN'T HAVE **STRUNG** HIM UP LIKE THIS! **MUST** HAVE HAPPENED WHILE SHE WAS ASLEEP.



# VAMPIR'S VAULT

HERE'S THE BIZARRE STORY BEHIND

## BRUCE BEZAIRE

THE CREEPY WRITER WITH THE EERIE NAME

**T**here used to be a time when the only writers who would touch stories of terror and the macabre, were authors born with names like **Smith, Jones or Doe**. Of course, undramatic names like these were quickly **changed**, and in print, **Sam Smith** became known as **Sam Slaughter**, **Fred Jones** magically became **Fred Fate** and **John Doe** was replaced by **John Justice**!

Sometimes these pseudonyms were created by lusty editors who wanted to "spice up" their publications. But more often than not, they were conceived by the **writer**, who didn't particularly want his friends and relatives to know he was contributing to a (heaven's forbid) "horror" magazine.

This practice of writers hiding their real identity from the public still continues today. However it's toned down a bit from the good old days when the pocket pulps were crammed-pack with **Slaughters, Fates, Justices** and more! Today, readers are more sophisticated and can spot a phony name a mile off.

Which brings us to introducing the newest member of our writing staff, **Bruce Bezaire**!

We can hear you now, "**Bruce Bezaire**, the **bizarre** comics writer? Who're you guys trying to kid?!"

Honest, that's his real name!

We told Bruce nobody would believe it! We even asked him to change his name to something a little more realistic... like **Sam Smith** or **John Jones**! He refused! He said his mother always wanted him to **grow up** and become a **horror writer**!

So half of his mother's wish is fulfilled anyway!

The first of Bruce's contributions to the **Warren** magazines is the short story, "Old Texas Road" in this month's **VAMPIRELLA**. Like most of Bruce's work, it's a macabre shocker. Strong on solid **horror**! He's also teamed up with artist **Rich Buckler** on a thriller entitled "Snow," forthcoming in an issue of **CREEPY**. And his new series for **EERIE**, "Night of the Jackass" is just weird enough to keep you hanging on for issues to come.

Bruce's statistics aren't nearly as impressive as his writing. But we'll list them anyway. He was born and raised in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, where he now teaches at the University of Windsor. That's his life story.

His measurements? A neat 36-36-36. (His height, width and hat size.) His big goal in life? Bruce's only wish is to live to see the day editors stop encouraging him to change his name to **Sam Smith**! •



A chilling nightmare world where man's only threat is himself. "Snow," a forthcoming epic by Rich Buckler and Bruce Bezaire.

## The EDITOR'S BOX

**N**ow that you're all snuggled up with this magazine, leisurely relaxing in your own little fantasy world, we hate to be the ones to shatter your dreams with reality. But sometimes reality is necessary.

The awful truth of the matter is: **summer's almost over**. The good times, the leisurely do-nothing days, the beautiful weather... all of it, is almost **gone**! Soon vacations will end and you'll be returning to school or work. And all that will remain of the summer are a few warm, lingering memories.

But what's the point of bringing this all up? Summer's not over yet, right? The point is only this: it's been a beautiful summer for us here at **Warren Publishing Company**. But it wouldn't have been half as beautiful without you.

Whether you realize it or not, **you**, the reader, make all our efforts worthwhile.

Everything we've done this summer... the **games**, the **posters**, the **color stories**... **everything!**... it's all been done with the hope that it would somehow make this summer better for **you**!

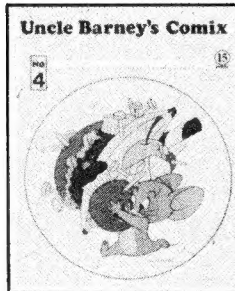
We continually strive for **perfect magazines**. We don't always succeed. Sometimes we fall **flat on our faces**! But we **try**! And this summer we hope we've been successful in entertaining you... even if for just a short time.

Unlike the summer, however, this doesn't have to **end**. Whether you return to school or work, we hope that you'll find a bit of extra time for the latest issues of **CREEPY**, **EERIE** and **VAMPIRELLA**. We'll be here with more games, more posters, and more of the absolute **best** in comic art!

We hope you'll be here to share it with us!

# FANZINE REVIEWS

**FANZINES** are amateur publications produced by comic book fans, geared to an audience with a similar interest in comics. They contain a diversity of material, from historical articles on comics of the **past**, to discussions of **current** comics and news of comics **yet to come**! Fanzines are available **only** by **MAIL**, direct from their publishers! We think you'll enjoy reading some of the better examples from the present fanzine market!



**UNCLE BARNEY'S COMIX**  
6051 Scenic Avenue  
Hollywood, Ca. 90068  
15¢



**ROCKET'S BLAST**  
9875 S.W. 212 Street  
Miami, Florida 33157  
\$1.00



**ETCETERA**  
393 East 58 Street  
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203  
60¢

**U**ncle Barney's Comix is one of those truly rare fanzines that manages to combine a wealth of fascinating, high-quality material with an unbelievably low price. This excellent magazine focuses on cartooning in both animation and comic strips. Each issue features the latest news in the animation industry, as well as several pages of top quality amateur comic strips. Issue #5 includes an interview with **Doug Wildey**, creator-artist of the comic strip, "Ambler."

**F**anzines come and go, but The Rocket's Blast-Comicollector seemingly lasts forever. It's the oldest continuously published comics fanzine in the world. And with good reason. While each issue features an excellent assortment of columns, articles, indexes, and artwork by fandom's best, RB-CC is noted primarily for its advertising. If you want to buy or sell old or new comics, movie or nostalgia items, Rocket's Blast-Comicollector is the fanzine for you!

**I**ntelligent, well-written fanzines are a hard thing to find these days. Rarer still are ones that are reasonably priced. Etcetera's high quality and low price succeed admirably at fulfilling these qualifications. Its pages are filled with entertaining articles on comics. Star Trek, fan conventions, and related subjects. What's more, Etcetera features exceptional layout and printing that makes it an enjoyable 'zine to read. Well-worth its 60¢ price tag.

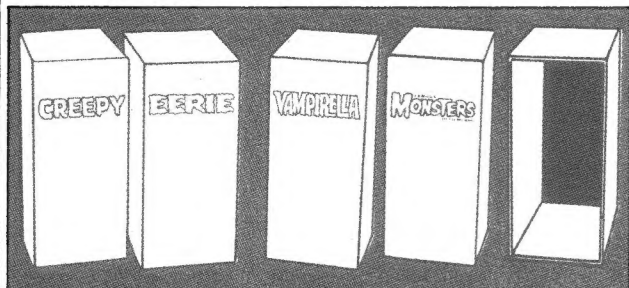


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& CREEPY'S & EERIE'S & VAMPI'S TOO!

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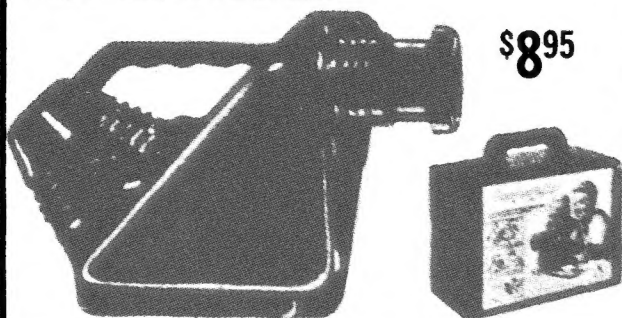
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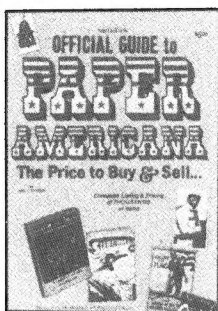
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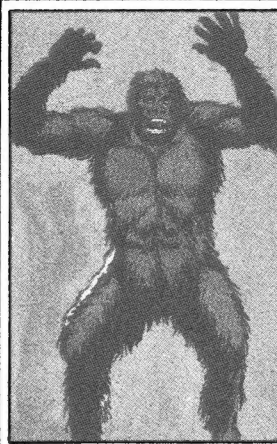
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